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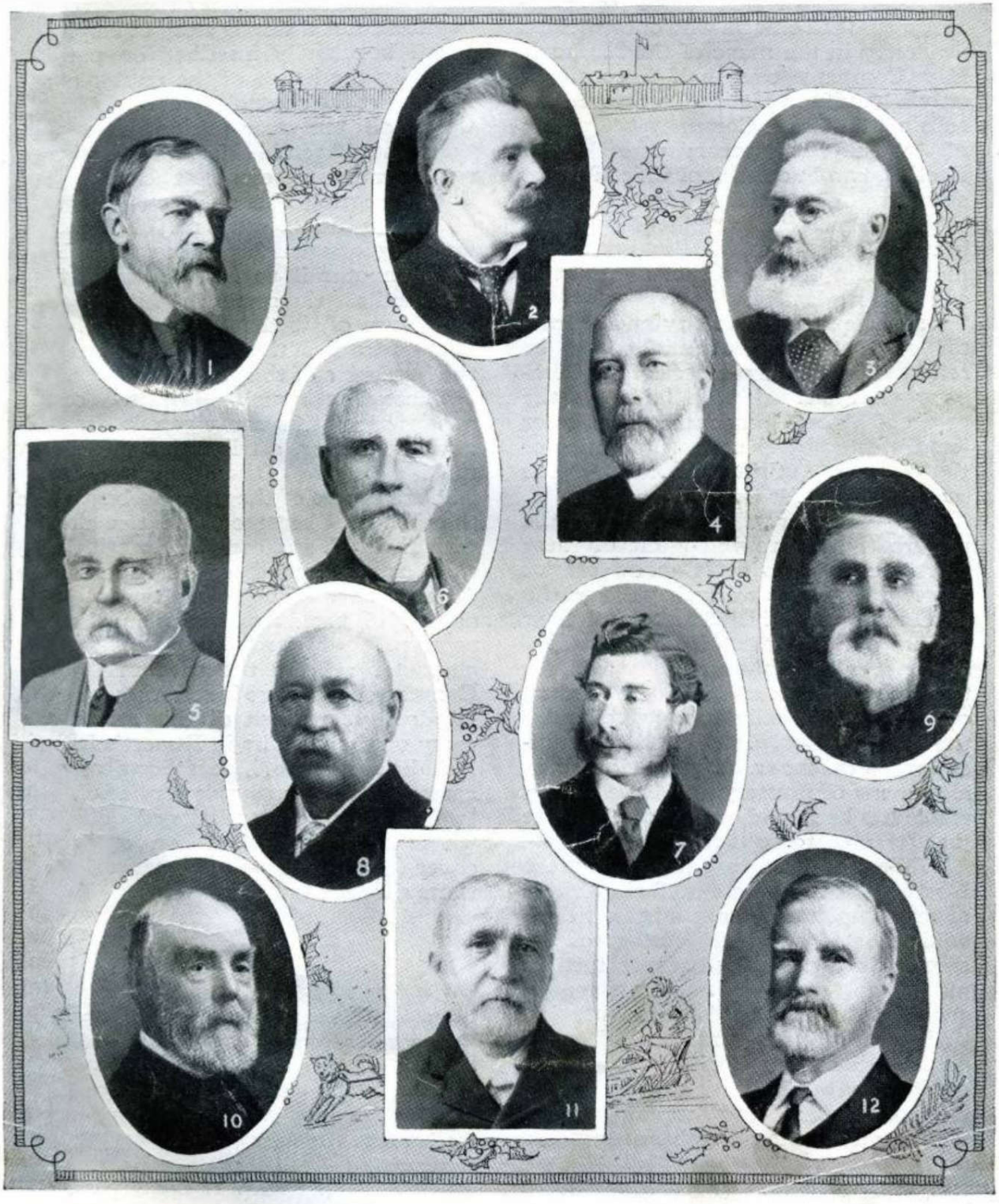
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



SURVIVING EX-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF H.B.C. (*See Page 2*)

H.B.C. Officers Once Controlled a Northern Empire

Pensioners of the Great Company's Fur Service Were Privileged to Participate in the Building of Canada

By J. BROWN
Associate Editor

OF that stalwart band of commissioned officers who once wielded authority in the name of the Hudson's Bay Company over half a continent only a handful remain. On the pension rolls of the Great Company the names of but fifteen appear; three Chief Factors, two Factors, four Chief Traders and six Junior Chief Traders.

Within the year one Chief Factor has been stricken from the list; not many months ago another Chief Factor was called to his last rest.

Soon the fine personality and character of these men of might will be reflected only in the records of the Company they served with faith—in the pages of history—and perhaps more or less distorted by the colourful fiction of the day or misinterpreted by the scenario artist for the silver screen.

But whatever the outlines of the picture the future will paint of these Northland chieftains, Canada cannot forget the yeoman work they did on the borders of the wild. The tale of their daring and resourcefulness will probably never be truly and fully told, for they moved and acted in an age and an occupation eternally brooded over by the spirit of "*hush*". The ramifications of the fur trade were clothed in a garment of mystery and little of the whole has been said or written by these men, trained to do their duty silently.

While the factors ruled the great North West there were no facile writers or motion picture cameras in that dark wilderness to register the story of the courage which inspired these men in many an arduous undertaking; in conquering the cold distances; keeping their men fit and the trade and the mail going; maintaining Christianity and the institutions of the British empire in the face of blizzard and ice and savage tribes and all the other barriers of the north country.

Turning through the crackly documents which record their official careers, one finds but a simple story of employment, beautifully inscribed on parchment by the hands of the master penmen—just the chronology of service and that is all; ten years at this fort, six at that post, fifteen in this district and the remuneration received at each; only this, excepting the notation that the officer has been given a medal of honor denoting long and faithful service. Yet one cannot fail to read between the lines and see the romance of it and the adventure of it that must have been interwoven with the deadly routine and the hardships of the service.

Those few remaining retired commissioned officers are vigorous despite advanced years, a tribute to the man-making virtues, the discipline and wholesomeness of the training begun at the time they became apprentice clerks with H. B. C. and continued until they were in command of districts and departments. They are typical examples of the best British manhood, as were their predecessors, and their character reflects the wisdom of the Company's directors in selecting for two hundred years men of this stamp to carry on their affairs in Rupert's Land.

A brief outline here follows of the career in the Company's service of the twelve living commissioned officers whose portraits appear on our first cover (numbers are in accordance with those shown on photographs):

W. T. LIVOCK (1)

Chief Factor

Entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company as apprentice clerk at Victoria, B. C., in 1861, at the age of nineteen years. The stockade, bastions and all the buildings were then standing. Business places and houses outside the fort were very few then, but the settlement grew rapidly.

In 1859-60 some fifteen or twenty thousand

men had passed through Victoria on the way to the Caribou gold fields of northern British Columbia, and many had lost their lives in crossing the gulf to the Fraser river and on the river itself.

Mr. Livock was engaged first in the Company's retail store in Victoria as bookkeeper and later became cashier. At that time there were no banks on the coast. Later the Company built a wharf and warehouses in Esquimalt harbour (four miles from Victoria) and Mr. Livock was placed in charge there for some ten years.

After that he was in charge of the shop and of the Company's large wholesale business, making all the requisitions on London and the local purchases for the trade of British Columbia.

He received his commission as senior trader in 1873; chief trader in 1874; factor in 1879 and chief factor in 1899.

While on furlough in 1890 in England, Mr. Livock was appointed to take charge of Edmonton district and the newly acquired stores at Calgary, Lethbridge and Macleod which the Hudson's Bay Company had purchased from the J. D. Baker Company. At first he made his headquarters in Calgary, but shortly removed to Edmonton, where he remained until his retirement.

In addition to the fur trade posts that needed his inspection, the whole of the northern transport was arranged for and carried through by Mr. Livo k. This was the heaviest charge in the district, as a breakdown in that meant great disaster in the far north.

At that time the steamer *Athabasca* was running on the Athabasca river and carried all the northern freight from Athabasca Landing to a point near to Grand Rapids, 160 miles. From there scows ran the rapids and bad water to McMurray, 90 miles.

In 1897 the steamer was laid up and it was decided in Winnipeg that scows should run all the way from the Landing to McMurray, 250 miles. Notwithstanding the yearly increasing difficulty of procuring the large of number of men required and especially of good steersmen, no break in the transport occurred.

In 1898 the factors in charge of Athabasca and Peace river districts retired and these two districts were added to Mr. Livock's charge under the name Athabasca district. The additional posts which required to be visited annually called for about five months' travelling each year.

In 1911, after fifty years' continuous service with H. B. C. and then seventy years of age, Mr. Livock retired from the service. He now lives at 9703 111th street, Edmonton.

R. H. HALL (2)

Chief Factor

Joined the service on June 1st, 1872, at Victoria, B. C., having been engaged by Roderick Finlayson, then chief factor in charge of the Western department. He was despatched to New Caledonia district, going by the old H. B. C. steamer *Otter* to Port Essington, at the mouth of the Skeena river, thence by canoe to Hazelton, at the head of navigation on that dangerous stream, thence on foot to Babine lake and by water to his destination, at Fort St. James on Stuart's lake.

At Fort St. James he took over the work of district accountant, a position previously filled by Chief Trader Hamilton Moffitt. His duties included, in addition to the accounts, the giving out of rations to the engaged servants, trading with the Indians, voyaging with dogs in winter and by boats in summer and collecting food for the numerous families which made up the Company's establishment at district headquarters.

In 1896 Inspector Chief Factor Charles visited and inspected Fort St. James, and in 1897 Mr. Hall was promoted and transferred to take charge of Port Simpson. A few years subsequently he was promoted to the charge of Port Simpson district, which included posts at Port Simpson, Masset, Hazelton and Naas river.

Mr. Hall remained at Port Simpson until 1890, when he was promoted to the charge of the Company's stores and depot at Victoria, under Thos. R. Smith, assistant commissioner, on whose retirement in the following year Mr. Hall was placed in charge of all the Company's affairs in the Western Department.

In December, 1900, he was transferred to the fur trade commisisoner's office at Winnipeg and in the following April was placed in charge of Saskatchewan district, with headquarters at Prince Albert and remained there nine years.

Oolebaktuak Harbor (Baffin's Island) Before a Storm

In 1910 Mr. Hall was made fur trader commissioner, with headquarters at Winnipeg. He retired in 1913, after forty-one years' service, at the age of sixty-four.

Mr. Hall received commissions as follows:

Chief Trader, 1887 — Factor, 1896
Chief Trader, 1892 — Chief Factor, 1905

He now resides at 339 22nd Street East, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

Looking back over a lifetime of service in the Company's ranks, Mr. Hall says: "Life in the north was full of interest and often punctuated with incidents calling for sound judgment, resourcefulness and prompt decision, the detailed accounts of which ought to be instructive and entertaining to the readers of *The Beaver*.

W. K. BROUGHTON (3)

Chief Factor

Signed a contract with H. B. C. as apprentice clerk for five years in London in the Spring of 1860, and sailed on June 1st, 1860, in the *Prince Arthur* (Captain D. D. Wishart) for Moose Factory, landing on August 22nd after a passage of 83 days, including a stop at Stromness in the Orkneys.

At the time of landing he was sixteen years of age. He was first engaged in the office at Moose Factory and given the "minutes" of the last council held under Sir George Simpson, governor for what was called in those days the "Southern Department"—now known as "James Bay District."

The southern department at that time comprised the Moose river, Albany river, Rupert's river, Eastmain and Kinogumissee districts, which all included many inland posts.

Remaining at Moose Factory for a month, Mr. Broughton was sent to the Albany district and stationed at Albany post under Chief Trader McTavish, and at once put to trading with the Indians and thus compelled to learn the native language. He soon was able to speak Swampy Cree fluently. He remained at Albany post for two years and was then ordered back to Moose to do clerical work.

In the summer of 1863 he was sent to New Brunswick post to conduct the summer business, and in the fall returned to Moose Factory.

In October, 1864, news was received at Moose Factory by the schooner *Marten* from York Factory that both the Company's ships had gone ashore on Mansfield Island at the head of Hudson Bay; the York ship, *Prince of Wales*, reached her port, having been refloated by landing cargo on the island, while the Moose ship, *Prince Arthur*, became a total wreck. The York schooner was therefore sent south to Moose Factory with a cargo of food supplies.

In the fall of 1866 Mr. Broughton was sent to Abitibi post to assist in the management of that place under Andrew Lockhart, and remained there till September, 1868. He was recalled to the Bay to take charge of Marten's Falls post, in the Albany river district, where he remained for a year, and returned to Albany post to take temporary charge of the district during the absence on furlough of Factor Alexander McDonald.

In the spring of 1871 Mr. Broughton was recalled to Moose Factory and took charge of the depot. He superintended the outfitting of the various inland posts and in the autumn of that year was appointed to the charge of the Kinogumissee district, where he remained until the fall of 1874, when he was given permanent charge of the Albany district, Alexander McDonald having been called to assume the charge of Moose Factory and the southern department.

Including a nine months' break in 1886, when he was on furlough, and a year in 1888, when he was again in temporary charge of the department during the furlough of J. L. Cotter, Mr. Broughton was altogether fouteen years in charge of Albany district.

In 1889, Chief Factor J. L. Cotter was taken seriously ill, and Mr. Broughton again assumed charge of Moose Factory and the department till the summer of 1890, when Joseph Fortescue was sent to relieve him and Mr. Broughton was appointed to Rupert's river district, where he remained till 1892. In that year he was given permanent charge of the southern department and Moose Factory

During his charge of the southern department Mr. Broughton operated on the Moose river the first steamer ever seen in James Bay. The little steamer, of about 12 or 15 h.p., was most useful to the Company in towing cargo scows, and enabled the men to discharge the annual ship more quickly than before.

In the summer of 1898 Mr. Broughton was called to Winnipeg to consult with the Commissioner about the transport of supplies from England.

In 1901 Mr.Broughton retired from the service and returned to England to educate his four sons. He now lives at Oakdene, Murray Road, Middlesex.

DUNCAN MATHESON (4)

Factor

Entered the service of H. B. C. in June, 1864, as apprentice clerk, sailing from Stromness in the Company's sailship *Prince of Wales*, with Captain Sennet, on July 2nd, for York Factory, entering Hudson Straits the first week in August.

The *Prince of Wales* went ashore on Mansfield Island and was badly damaged. Mr. Matheson started for Fort Garry by the Red

river brigade of seven boats, arriving the first week of October. He was assigned to Portage la Prairie post (J. L. Sinclair in charge) and remained there until May, 1865, when he was transferred to Lower Fort Garry (George Davis in charge).

In the summer of 1867 he was assistant to Chief Trader William D. Lane at White Horse Plains, and in the fall was sent to establish a winter trading post at the mouth of Water Hen river, Swan river district. During the following summer he went to York Factory with the Company's boats taking down the returns and bringing back the supplies for outfit 1868.

He passed the winter again at Water Hen river, the following summer at Fort Ellice and in the fall of 1869 he took charge of the winter post at Egg lake, forty miles from Touchwood Hills; passed the summer of 1870 at Fort Pelly and in the fall took charge of Fort Ellice for the winter. In 1871 Fort Ellice was made headquarters of the district instead of Fort Pelly and Mr. Matheson took charge of Egg Lake Post for the winter.

From 1872 to 1874, Mr. Matheson was assistant to Factor Archie MacDonald at Fort Ellice. In the summer of 1874 he took charge of North Pembina, where he remained until 1885 when he was appointed to the charge of Mingan district, in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and remained there five years.

Mr. Matheson was appointed to Fort Chimo, Ungava Bay, where he served fifteen years.

At Fort Chimo Mr. Matheson received only one mail a year, by the annual H. B. C. ship from England, but by this mail he received all the issues of London daily newspapers for twelve months.

Mr. Matheson was forty-two years in the service, and at the time of his retirement held the H. B. C. commission of factor. He now resides at No. 1 Muirfield Road, Inverness, Scotland.

T. C. RAE (5)
Chief Trader

Left home as a boy of sixteen years, apprenticed to the Company for five years as clerk. He sailed from Orkney on the barque *Lady Head* and arrived at Moose Factory after a nine weeks' voyage.

Chief Factor James Anderson was then in charge of Moose Factory and its outposts and of the southern department as a whole.

"I was slated for Albany," says Mr. Rae, "and proceeded there to be initiated into the mysteries of Indian trading, post management and such office work as Mr. McDonald considered right and proper at his charge. If I did 'make good' it was through no fault of his, for a better chief and man it would have been hard to find.

A Tragedy of the North Woods

This big Ontario rabbit walked into the cunningly laid snare of a trapper and hangs by the neck as a result of his unwariness.

"Albany was the 'banner district' of the department at that time. I passed what was to me a wonderful fall, winter and spring at Fort Albany, and in the early summer was sent up with the brigade of York boats which had taken down the previous winter's fur and was then to take the next 'outfit's' supplies up to Osnaburgh post, to take charge during the absence on leave of Alexander Harvey.

"In after years I have marveled at the idea of sending an inexperienced lad to take charge of what was a rather important inland post, hundreds of miles from aid or instruction should anything go wrong; but such was occasionally done in those days if need were, and the young clerk often had to face hardships and exigencies of life and trade on his very own. After all, in that way, if the lad had it in him, he learned the fur business from bottom to top and became experienced and resourceful perforce, for he had to sink or swim."

At Osnaburgh Mr. Rae spent two years, and upon Mr. Harvey's return to duty he went back to Albany and the next year was given charge of Metachewin Post in the Kinogumissee district. Of this district he became manager within eighteen months, succeeding W. K. Broughton, and remained in charge for twenty years. During this period Mr. Rae had received his first commission of junior chief trader.

Moose Factory received the returns of fur from Mr. Rae's district and the trade was supplied with goods from England, carried from Moose Factory on the Bay to the inland posts of the district by York boat in the lower reaches and by birchbark canoes in the wild upper reaches of the river.

After the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway had brought the district nearer to civilization, the Company decided to combine Kinogumissee and Lake Huron districts, and

Mr. Rae transferred his office to Biscotasing station on the railroad, having been given charge of the united districts.

"At Biscotasing," says Mr. Rae, "I passed a few busy years, having in addition to local responsibilities and such as lay within reach by rail, to keep in touch with the inland posts by canoe or snowshoes. This latter part of my duties recurs to me as among the most pleasant of my life in the service.

"Then memories of the fine loyal men I had to deal with—those men in charge of the trading posts, notably Thomas Moon, A. J. McLeod, James Mowat and James Miller—make me yearn at times to have it all over again!

"Such men as these I mention were, like many others known to every old district officer, gentlemen who were heart and soul for 'The Company'."

Mr. Rae was later transferred to the managership of MacKenzie river district, where he remained for two years and retired after thirty-six years' service, with the rank of chief trader, and removed to British Columbia. He now resides at Lonsdale, North Vancouver.

W. J. McLEAN (6)
Chief Trader

Was born in 1842 in the Isle of Lewis, Rothsshire, and joined the Hudson's Bay Company's service June 1st, 1859. His first year with H. B. C. was spent in the offices at York Factory, whence he was transferred as apprentice clerk to Fort Garry.

In 1863 Mr. McLean was placed in charge of Fort Liard, MacKenzie river district, where he remained ten years.

During the ten years from 1873 to 1883 he was manager at Fort Qu'Appelle, in the Swan river district. Then followed a year at Isle a la Crosse, English river district, a year at Fort Pitt and a year at Fort Alexander.

During his charge at the latter post, in 1885, the North West Rebellion was in progress, and Mr. McLean was carried into the wilderness of Northern Saskatchewan by hostile Indians and held captive for sixty-three days.

From 1886 to 1892 he was in charge of Lake Winnipeg district, with headquarters at Lower Fort Garry, retiring from the Company's service October 18th, 1892, with the rank of chief trader.

Mr. McLean (still known among his friends as "Big Bear") is active today with the Department of Indian affairs at Winnipeg, and resides at 116 Rose street. He is still the epitome of the old school of Hudson's Bay officer, often remarked upon the streets of the city that sprang from Old Fort Garry—straight as a ramrod, faultlessly groomed and with the stride and smile of a youth. And he is an occasional welcome visitor to the offices of the Company, including the editorial rooms of *The Beaver*.

W. C. KING (7)
Chief Trader

Began his work for H. B. C. in 1862, coming to Canada on the Company's ship *Prince of Wales* (Captain Herd) and arrived at Lower Fort Garry via Norway House. He began service as apprentice clerk in the MacKenzie river district under Chief Factor William Lucas Hardisty, and was stationed during two "outfits" at Fort Resolution. After spending a year at Fort Nelson and five years at Fort Rae, Mr. King returned to England in 1871, on furlough, travelling in an open boat from the MacKenzie river to York Factory and thence by the *Lady Head* (Captain Bishop).

In May, 1872, Mr. King returned to Canada and reported to Sir Donald A. Smith (Strathcona) at Fort Garry. He was appointed to the Western department and served two years at Fort Chipewyan, on the Athabasca, under Chief Factor Roderick McFarlane. In 1874 he married Miss Charlotte Flett, and during the succeeding ten years served variously at Fort St. John's, Fort Chipewyan, and Fort Smith on the Slave.

Mr. King returned to England again on furlough in 1884 and after placing his son in school he came to Canada once more and was appointed to Fort Pelly, Swan river, under Chief Factor Archibald McDonald. Subsequently Mr. King served at Moose Lake post, Cumberland district, under Chief Factor Belanger; in English river district as manager, and finally in charge of York Factory district.

He retired in 1902 with the rank of chief trader, having been forty years in the fur trade of the Company.

Mr. King, since leaving the service, has conducted important exploration work for the Grand Trunk Pacific railway and the Alberta and Great Waterways railway in the north.

He is a member of the Legion of Frontiersmen, with the rank of lieutenant and intelligence officer, and now lives quietly at home, 38 Osborne Place, Winnipeg.

DAVID ARMIT (8)
Junior Chief Trader

Entered the service as an apprentice clerk in 1867. On June 2nd of that year he left Stromness, Orkney, on board the *Prince Rupert* for York Factory. Aboard the same ship were apprentice clerks Alexander Christie and Isaac Cowie.

Mr. Armit left York by the Red river boat brigade on September 7th and arrived at Lower Fort Garry October 1st, going thence to Fort

Garry. He was first appointed to White Horse Plains post under Wm. W. D. Lane, chief trader.

At this post the Company did a considerable trade in buffalo robes and furs brought in from the plains by the buffalo hunters from the Red river and the Assiniboine who wintered out on the plains.

In 1869 the Riel rebellion broke out. Mr. Armit was at White Plains when the post was taken by the rebels and the cattle were killed and the grain stolen by them.

In June, 1870, he was called to Fort Garry. J. H. McTavish was the officer in charge of the Red river district at the time. The Red River Expedition, in command of Col. Wolseley, arrived in August. Mr. Armit says: "I stood in the parapet near the old gate of the fort and saw the troops coming across the plain west of Main street in scrimmaging order and rebels cleared out of the fort as fast as possible."

The Company received the contract for supplying the troops, and Mr. Armit was placed in charge of furnishing supplies to the soldiers.

In 1871 Mr. Armit became accountant at Lower Fort Garry, and in July, 1872, was sent to take charge of Fort Frances, Lac la Pluie district.

In the fall he was appointed to take charge of the North West Angle post in the same district. This post had been established when the "Dawson Road" was opening as an immigration route from Eastern Canada.

The boundary survey commenced at the North West Angle in 1872, and Mr. Armit assisted Captain Anderson, of the British Royal Engineers, in finding where the monument stood. It had been placed in 1822 or 1823.

Mr. Armit was transferred to the Swan river district in 1873, and in June, 1874, he was made accountant of the district with headquarters at Fort Ellice, where he remained for six years, under Chief Factor Archibald McDonald.

In 1880 he was appointed to take charge of Riding Mountain House post (John Calder succeeding him as accountant of the district).

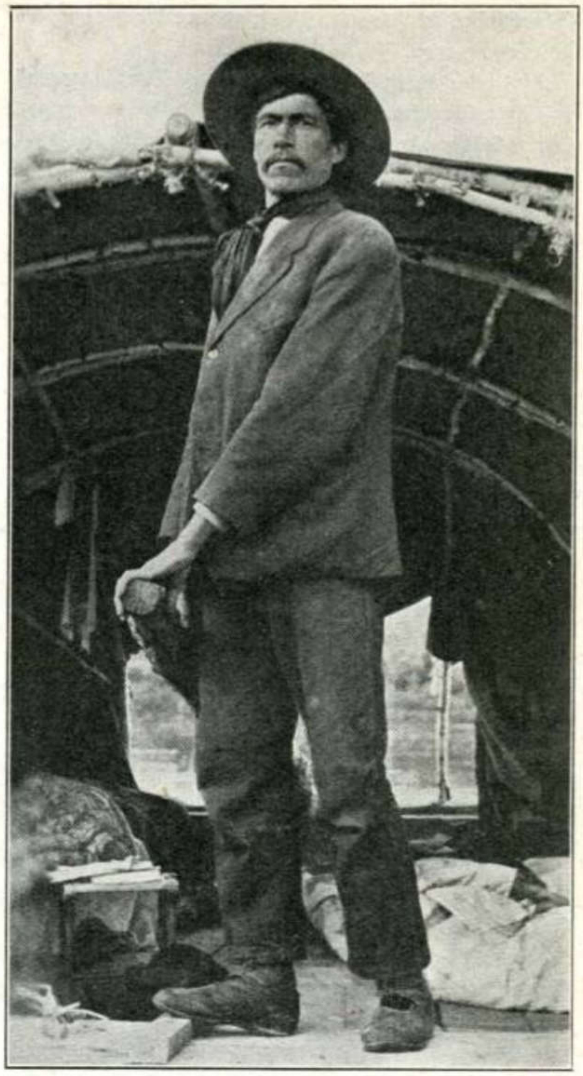
In June, 1887, Mr. Armit was placed in charge of Manitoba district, where he remained twelve years.

In 1899 he was appointed to take charge of James Bay district, Ontario, and after five years at Moose Factory he resigned from the Company's service.

Mr. Armit resides today at Elphinstone, Man.

H. J. MOBERLY
(9)

Mr. Moberly's life story is appearing monthly in these pages under the title "Reminiscences of an H.B.C. Fur Trade Factor." Mr. Moberly resides to-day at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan.



LOUISON HOUSE at the sweep of a flat-boat on the Athabasca. Louison is said to be the best steersman in the North.

A. R. McKENZIE (10)
Junior Chief Trader

Was born at Inverie, Invernessshire, Scotland, on December 29th, 1837, and entered the service of the Hudon's Bay Company in June, 1860.

He sailed from Stromness, Orkney Islands, on the Company's ship *Prince of Wales* (Captain Mitchell), which was accompanied by the *Prince Rupert* (Captain Mitchell), the first bound for York Factory and the latter for Moose Factory. Arriving at York Factory early in August, he proceeded by York boat to Norway House and Upper Fort Garry.

Here he remained for twelve years, being employed in the Company's saleshop as clerk for eight years and for four years manager under William McTavish, Governor of Assiniboia, and Chief Factors James R. Clare, Dr. Wm. Cowan and John McTavish. Mr. McKenzie was transferred to Fort Alexander, now in the Province of

Manitoba, in March, 1872, where he served for thirteen years.

He was transferred thence to Fort Frances, in Ontario, where he was stationed for five years. Mr. McKenzie resigned from the service in 1894, holding the commission of junior chief trader and now makes his home at 1716 27th Avenue East, Vancouver South.

THOS. B. ROSS (11)
Junior Chief Trader

Entered the service of H. B. C. in June, 1863, as apprentice clerk and was engaged in the Montreal department for forty-one years. He received the commission of junior chief trader on June 1, 1890, after thirty-seven years in the Company's fur trade, and retired on pension, May 31st, 1904, at the age of sixty-four. He now resides in Victoria, B. C.

T. A. REYNOLDS (12)
Junior Chief Trader

Retired from the Company's service in 1903 and returned to civilization, settling at Brockville, on the St. Lawrence. There he built a most delightful rustic home and named it the "Last Camp."

Mr. Reynolds' last charge with H. B. C. was the Gulf posts, with headquarters at Bersimis, Quebec, where he lived for six years.

In 1876 he was ordered from the provinces of Quebec to the Lake Superior district, to follow up and prevent from trading an all-round "desperado" from Minnesota who had gone into the interior to trade with and overawe the Indians. This man and his party had been in Canada during the season of 1875, and had intimidated the manager of a small outpost and actually taken furs from the store. He was an expert rifle and pistol shot and had two notches on his Colt's, accounting for the lives of two men somewhere in the far western United States.

With four men, Mr. Reynolds took the trail at Red Rock in October, overhauled the opposition group two days before Christmas and built a shack adjacent to the gunman's quarters. From then until the following June Mr. Reynolds kept strict watch over the gunman and his party night and day. Finally he followed him down to Lake Superior and saw him depart for Duluth. He says this was one of the most trying and nerve-racking experiences of his service. When he took up the work he weighed one hundred and seventy-seven pounds, and when he reached the coast the following spring he weighed only one hundred and thirty.

On his retirement, Mr. Reynolds took up literature as a pastime and has contributed, under a pen name, articles and short stories to outdoor magazines in Canada and the United States.

A collection of some of these stories was brought out in book form in 1907 under the title "Canadian Wilds" and has run in several editions.

From last accounts Mr. Reynolds, who is now in his seventy-eighth year, is enjoying good health and says his one regret is that *The Beaver* was not published in his day. (Reprinted from April, 1921, issue).

NEPIGON
Post News

IT is rumored that the Nepigon fibre and paper mills anticipate resuming operations shortly after the coming New Year.

The Western Contracting Company and C. W. Cox, of Port Arthur, have given three to five small contracts for pulpwood to be taken out at this point this season. No others are operating up to the present.

P. J. Duggan entertained on the stage at the hall in honor of Armistice night by rendering a comic song and a vaudeville skit of Charlie Chaplin, and also a lightweight boxing bout. Mr. Duggan was the lion of the evening.

The son of Chas. Kitchinnie, one of the Nepigon Indian hunters, died on the 11th of November.

A snow fall of fourteen inches took place here November 13th.

The Reeve of the municipality, Mr. C. L. Bliss, has gone east in connection with completing arrangements with the school inspectors at Toronto relative to the erection of a new consolidated school at Nepigon in 1922.

Major N. D. Jackson and W. R. Brown, of the Brown Drug Company, Independence, Mo., were outfitted by the Company for a moose and caribou hunt, and returned last month, being successful in obtaining one moose and one deer. Needless to say the gentlemen were very jubilant, and intend coming to Nepigon another season to "repeat."

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West.

By H. J. MOBERLY

CHAPTER VII.

The Saskatchewan and My First Buffalo.

By midday of the third day deliberations of the council were concluded, when Sir George immediately embarked for his return to Montreal. We watched the great canoes, the flag of the H. B. Company proudly floating at each stern, the Iroquois crews chanting their boat songs, till they had turned the first point; then the men of the brigade became busy putting in provisions and manning their boats.

First to start was the Saskatchewan brigade of sixteen boats, manned by crews of eight men each; then followed the Lac de Pluie brigade of six boats, next the Cumberland of six boats, and lastly the two brigades from Red river, which did not belong to Hudson's Bay but to other merchants in Red river, going to York Factory for goods that the Hudson's Bay Company's ships had brought out for them from England.

When the last brigade had disappeared everything seemed changed. The tom-tom of gambling Indians, the energetic, if far from polite, language of the voyageurs, who were forever quarrelling and brawling among themselves, the barking of dozens of sled dogs, the chatter in a dozen or more different languages, with other outlandish music, all seemed to have sunk into a dead silence.

Part of the time now intervening I spent visiting the mission at Rossville, which was situated about two miles from the fort and the shores of Playgreen lake. Norway House is on the north side of a short river which connects Winnipeg lake with Playgreen lake. Its site may be called an island, for it is simply rock surrounded on three sides by swamp and on the fourth by the river. The lake is very pretty, with a number of picturesque islands in it. The rest of my time was occupied in fishing, and now and again—not often—pretending to do some office work.

In a few weeks the brigades from York Factory had begun to arrive and pass on to their several destinations. Later the Saskatchewan brigade turned up one afternoon, and was to leave early the next morning. We had a farewell supper, and I may mention that out of fouteen men who sat down to the table that night two only are now living, I and one other, a man who had been in the service many years. He had previously been in charge of Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands and had fallen in love with the chief's daughter and wanted to marry her. The Governor, not approving, had ordered him to The Pas, in Saskatchewan. Had he remained in Honolulu he might at this day be the proud king of the Sandwich Islands instead of an obscure farmer on the banks of the South Saskatchewan. He is still exceedingly active for a man of his age—about four-score and ten—although in his time he has broken one of his legs and three ribs, running buffalo.

But to return. Next morning after breakfast we pulled out, got as far as Norway House point on Lake Winnipeg and there, the wind being unfavourable, we remained for seven days, being joined in the meantime by the Cumberland and Athabasca brigades.

On the seventh day about 8 o'clock a.m. the head guide gave the order, "Embark." It was still blowing hard but he was a good judge of weather and scented a change of wind, so off we put and ran under full sail to the foot of the Grand rapids, a little above where the Saskatchewan empties into Lake Winnipeg. We were three days portaging the outfits of goods as well as the boats and canoes, which could not be hauled up the rapids.

On the morning of the fourth day we

started again and after a fair trip, sometimes rowing and sometimes under sail, with an occasional hauling of the boats, we got to Fort a la Corne, which was at that time the first post in the Saskatchewan district, and of which my old friend and travelling companion, Mr. William Spencer, was in charge. After landing the outfit for that point we proceeded to Carlton House, the next post.

On the way up, when we had reached the prairie country which began about three miles from Fort a la Corne, I and three other clerks would land and hunt along the banks, joining the brigade at meal times and camping. We killed any number of ducks and prairie chickens, and one day when out alone I saw five jumping deer. I approached and shot one on the spot where now the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks at Prince Albert are located. This was the first large game I had killed in the North West, and when I carried my spoil into camp that evening I certainly felt proud of my prowess, which I couldn't help comparing in my own mind with that of Nimrod, to the no great advantage of the latter.

At Carlton House we dropped the outfit for that place, also two boats. We remained there two days to rearrange the cargoes, and during our stay gave the usual regale of rum to the crews, which ended in a dance and half-a-dozen fights among our men.

When the brigades were prepared to leave it was decided that some of us should ride overland to Fort Pitt, the officer in charge of which had come down to meet his brigade. He was an old hand in the country, so that the riding party could be safely left to his guidance.

We crossed the river to the north side in the afternoon and camped about five miles out. The horses were picketed and prairie chickens and wild ducks killed sufficient for supper, after partaking of which we "greenhorns" listened open-eared to tales of the country. Some of these I rather thought at the time must have been borrowed from Baron Munchausen, but found later were even short of the truth.

We left about sunrise next morning and after about a couple of hours' ride our Indian cook cried out, "Moostoose!" and there about a mile ahead a herd of some fifty or sixty buffalo came in sight. I do not know how my fellow travellers felt who had seen the same thing over and over again, but for my part I would not have changed places with anyone in the world. I was riding a fine horse—a grey which they told me was a good buffalo runner and knew all about the business, carried a double-barrelled gun loaded with bullets—and there a bunch of buffalo in sight on a magnificent prairie with not a bush nor even a willow in sight between us!

At first we advanced at a trot till the herd made us out. The buffalo then turned and we broke into a gallop, approaching nearer and nearer till realizing that we were in earnest, away they scampered while we plied the whip in pursuit. My horse proving the swiftest of the bunch, I was soon close to the herd, and fixed my eye on the largest bull I could see. As I approached him I observed his tail stiffen up, and heard shouting behind me which I mistook for cheering. I was just on the point of distinguishing myself by "burning the hair," as I had often heard of hunters doing, when a shot was fired from behind me and my bull went down, carrying with him my chance of showing off. To say I was disgusted is nothing. I was mad clear through, and it was hard indeed to convince me that that shot had really saved my life and that of my horse.

When a bull is hard pressed, up goes his tail and his forehoofs on the ground, his hinder part swings round and in a second you are on his horns.

CHAPTER VIII

En Voyage with the Saskatchewan Brigade

Carlton House, which we had just left, was a group of buildings in the form of a square, consisting of the officers' house, servants' house, stores, trading shop, etc. The whole was surrounded by a stockade twenty-eight feet high with strong log bastions at each corner in which were a few old metal three-pounders, a supply of flint lock trading guns, and some old Queen Bess muskets which were more likely to knock down the men behind them than the objects aimed at. This was the first post on the Saskatchewan in the prairie country, and consequently in the

fighting ground between Crees and the Blackfeet, the latter including the Sarcees, Bloods, Gros Ventres, Piegans and Blackfeet. It was also the first post where at this time the fur trade was very large, most of the trade from the prairie Indians being paid for in goods. It was necessary to have an unusually large stock of merchandise at posts having so many tributary Indians.

Besides my big bull, two fine cows had been killed, the tongues and bosses cut out, and the remainder left to the wolves. We travelled on the north side of the river (passing by Red Berry and Jackfish lakes), this side being considered safer, with less chance of falling in with any war party that might be prowling about on the lookout for scalps, horses or women. Bands of buffalo were in sight most of the time, and occasionally a fine red deer (elk) would start up from a poplar "bluff" and trot off.

Hundreds of prairie chickens rose almost under our horses' feet, every slough and lake swarmed with duck, which at this season were fat and so tame that it was hardly sport to shoot them, but when roasted in a camp fire were certainly well worth the eating. In those days the Saskatchewan was a perfect hunters' paradise.

On our fourth day out we reached Fort Pitt, which was laid out very much in the fashion of Fort Carlton, having the same square stockades with bastions. It was situated close to the bank of the river on a fine large plateau as level as a board and surrounded on three sides by fine prairie hills. A large camp of plains Crees were camped close by the fort, and as soon as we were recognized the usual salutes were fired by every man who possessed a grain of powder.

We were ahead of the brigades. When they arrived the outfit for the fort was landed and that for Lac la Biche laid out ready to land at the Snake Hills, whence a horse track led to Lac la Biche. Then the men got their "regale," after which began the dancing and boxing to be kept up till the morning. The gates were now closed and the Indians permitted to trade, which they proceeded to do to the music of tom-toms.

Immediately after dark, orders were given to stop the grog, which meant that not a drop more could be obtained at any price. Presently, we being within the officers' house, word was brought that the Indian Chief with all his braves were chopping at the gates with the intention of raiding the post. I expected to see every man rush for arms, and that we should have a real fight for our lives, but our chief officer coolly rose and calling half a dozen strong men, with the gatekeeper, ordered the latter to throw the gate open. The Indian chief stepped in, and promptly received a clip on the ear which laid him flat in the square of the fort. Our officer then enquired if "any other dog wished to enter," but no one stepped forward, the gate was forthwith closed and bolted, and we had the chief a prisoner. The Indians dared not do further damage. This was the same band of which the notorious Big Bear was chief during the last Riel rebellion in 1885, and at this time numbered some three hundred tents.

The following morning our brigade pulled out, and the same old routine was carried on from day to day, mostly hauling the boats, with occasional spells of rowing or poling.

We delayed a few hours to land the officer in charge of Lac la Biche with his outfit, and then proceeded on our journey to Edmonton, the head post of the Saskatchewan district, arriving there about one month after leaving Norway House.

I may take this opportunity to give some description of the brigades and their method of travelling. That with which we travelled consisted of sixteen boats, each with a cargo of one hundred pieces. Most of the cargo was, of course, fur trade equipment, tobacco and ammunition, the remainder consisting of dry goods and groceries. The boats were twenty-eight feet keel and nine feet beam, sharp at both ends and very like the regular whale boat. The crews were eight men to a boat exclusive of the steersman. The whole brigade, with the exception of the so-called "light-boat," was under the rule of the head guide, who had supreme command from the time of leaving one post till another was reached, and no officer or clerk in the party might interfere with him in any way during that interval.

The head guide was chosen on account of his being an old steersman

who knew the route well, was a good judge of both water and weather, and being a good fighter, could if occasion arose enforce his orders with a dose of elbow grease. The "light" boat on the other hand was quite above his control. It carried the Chief Factor in charge of the district, and might travel either with or without the brigade at his pleasure. It was equipped with more comfortable stern sheets than were the other boats and the crew were picked men. The crews of the brigade consisted of French-Canadians and Scotchmen, principally from the Orkney and Lewis Islands, with some half-breeds and Indians.

The boats were provisioned with tea, pemmican and dried buffalo meat, no flour, sugar or other luxuries being permitted, and was calculated for at the rate of two and a half pounds of pemmican or three pounds of dried meat per man per diem.

During the whole Summer each morning at the appearance of daylight the guide called the steersman to boil the kettle, and when tea was made the crews were roused. A bite was taken and they then pushed out. At eight o'clock they had breakfast, after which they carried on again till midday, when an hour was allowed for dinner, and then on once more till the sun had set, when we camped for the night. The only real rest the men got was when they were caught on a lake by a strong head wind and were obliged to lay up ashore, or when it rained too hard to travel.

CHAPTER IX

The Trading Posts and the Indians of the Plains

Our arrival at Edmonton was hailed by the usual salutes of firearms, accompanied by some shots from a brass six-pounder which was mounted on the bank in front of one of the main gateways.

The Saskatchewan district of which Edmonton, as I have said, was the head post, was comprised of Fort a la Corne, Carlton House, Fort Pitt and the Mountain Fort, on the River Saskatchewan, Lesser Slave lake on the northwest end of the lake of that name, Jasper House, situated inside the first range of the Rockies, and Fort Assiniboine of the Athabasca river, a short distance above where Athabasca Landing now is situated

A description of the first three posts has been given. At Edmonton the distribution of the outfit for the other posts was made. That for Jasper House was packed and despatched on pack horses to Fort Assiniboine, where a boat would be in readiness to take it up stream one hundred and twenty miles to its destination.

The Lesser Slave lake brigade followed, also with pack horses, on the same route as far as Assiniboine, where they took a boat down stream to the mouth of Lesser Slave river, up stream to Lesser Slave lake and across the lake to this post on the northwest end.

When these brigades had been despatched the outfit for Mountain House was packed and sent off in two boats. The Mountain House was situated on the south side of the north branch of the Saskatchewan close to the mouth of the Clear Water river and about eighty miles from the Rockies, which were quite plainly in view from the post.

On reaching Edmonton it was learned that the officer in charge of the Mountain House was suffering severely from sickness, and quite unable to travel, so I was appointed to the command with an old experienced hand as my second. But here I must again digress in order to describe the various tribes of Indians that resorted to these places.

At Fort a la Corne only the Woods Crees of that part of the country traded, and no rum was sold to them. Carlton House had a number of Plains Crees, and a large body of Woods Crees from the north side of the river, who were of course supposed to get no rum. Fort Pitt, like Carlton, had a large band of Plains Crees as well as the Woods Crees from the north side and small bands of Chipewyan Indians who were settled at Cold lake.

These posts on the Saskatchewan marked the limit of the country resorted to by the Crees alone. Edmonton was the first post at which the Blackfeet were in the habit of trading—in the Summer only, never in Winter. A number of Plains Crees, Woods Crees and half-breeds from Lac St. Anne also made Edmonton their base of supplies. The Mountain House was kept up only during the Winter months, and was for

Blackfeet and a small band of Woods Stonies only; Crees never risked their lives there.

Fort Assiniboine was for Woods Crees and some small bands of Stonies; Lesser Slave lake entirely for Woods Crees. Jasper House was the headquarters for a band of Iroquois from Canada who had married Cree women and settled there, and also for a small band of Shuswap Indians from the head of the Fraser river about Tete Jeune Cache on the west of the Rockies.

Open war existed between the Plains Crees and all the Blackfeet nations. All Summer war parties of both sides kept on the warpath after scalps, horses and women, and many a fierce fight they had.

There was also a kind of small war between the Woods Stonies against the Plains Crees on the one side and the Blackfeet on the other; but not many scalps were taken. Sometimes the Stonies secured an occasional scalp, but the war was chiefly confined to horse stealing by the Stonies, who then took to the woods where the Plains Indians were afraid to follow.

(To be Continued)

TWO TRAPPERS

By KENNIN HAMILTON

"WELL, I guess we've got nothin' t' wait fer but death."

"No, nothin' t' wait fer but death."

Outside the hut the wind wailed dismally, sending small curls of snow racing along the ground to fall upon the nearest drift, and what few trees there were creaked and groaned indignantly against the biting wind.

Inside the hut Carson and Faber stared at each other sullenly from opposite ends of the room. Long intimacy in the wilds had made them short-tempered and irritable with each other.

"What's death to you?" demanded Faber, "you ain't got no right t' be scared of death. You killed Folette and you're only gettin' what's comin' t' you."

"You shut-up about Folette. I plugged him alright, but I done it in self-defence."

"Self-defence," sneered Faber, "why he was a good ten yards away from you when you fired."

"I know, but he had his knife in his hand and if I hadn't got him he'd a got me sure."

"Follette was only threatenin' you."

Carson didn't answer. He knew it was true, but like the coward he was he chose an excuse and stuck to it. An angry gleam came into his eyes.

"You shut your trap, Faber."

Faber smiled.

"Well, I guess it ain't much use scrappin' when we're goin' t' die in a few days. It ain't a nice prospect, is it, Carson?"

Carson didn't answer, so Faber went on.

"I ain't never been in a position like this before. I've been near dyin' of thirst but I've never been up against starvation. I knew a man once who'd seen a guy—"

"Shut up," Carson interrupted, "what's the use of talkin'. It'll only make it worse." He blanched at the thought that "it" brought to his mind.

Faber rose and loaded more wood into the box-stove. He turned and faced Carson.

"It's goin' t' be a hard death, Carson, and we might as well nerve ourselves fer it. I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't fer the wife and kiddies. They'll suffer as much as you and I put together. There's a few pelts there as what they can have, and I'll write a kinda will and leave it on the table. If anyone ever comes this way perhaps they'll see the family gets the benefits; I'll—"

"Half of them pelts is mine."

Faber looked surprised.

"You don't mean t' say that you want 'em," he said, incredulously, "you ain't got any relations like I have. What good's a bunch of skins to a dead man?"

"I ain't dead yet."

"You're as good as dead and you know it."

Carson said nothing at this. A selfish trait of his character was in play.

Faber went across to the bundle of fur in the corner. He pulled it out to the middle of the room and listlessly began to sort it.

"Them two red-fox is mine and I get half the weasles. We'll toss fer that silver-fox."

Eventually he had the fur in two separate bundles. His own share would mean a nice little pile for the wife and children and would keep them going for a little while. The silver-fox alone,

which he won by the toss and was especially good, was alone worth over five hundred dollars.

He returned so his seat in the corner and lit his pipe. He thought of the time he had nearly died of thirst in the great Arizona wastes while prospecting. Help had seemed impossible then, but it had come. Perhaps it would come again. But no, that was impossible. With the trails snowed over and a wind that seemed never to cease no one would ever force their way to the lonely, forlorn hut. No one cared enough to attempt it anyway.

Carson suddenly rose to his feet.

"I'm going out t' see if I can get somethin'," he said, "mebbe I can find a rabbit or somethin'."

He piled on all the clothing he could gather and wrapped pieces of duffle about his feet, for his moccasins had been used for food. The door opened, a gust of snow sailed in, and he was gone.

Faber sat motionless. He was glad to be alone again, even if for only a short time. He sat silently smoking and staring into space.

Suddenly he rose to his feet and went over to the corner. He stared down at the two bags of fur. He seemed to be mentally debating a question. Why not fill his bag with all the fur and put a blanket in Carsons? It would make no difference to Carson but a great difference to the wife and kids.

With an impulsive gesture he started to transfer Carson's fur to his bag. He pounded it down so as it wouldn't look suspicious, then taking a precious blanket from the bottom of his bed he shoved it into Carson's empty bag. He smiled grimly as he noticed that there was nothing to arouse suspicion from the appearance of the bags.

When Carson returned he was in an evil mood. He had had no luck and was suffering intensely from hunger. His nature wouldn't take suffering silently and he groaned as he huddled before the stove warming his cold hands and feet.

And thus they sat late into the night.

The next morning Carson stayed in his bunk, groaning and moaning pitifully. He cursed and swore till he grew hoarse from his cryings, then lay and sobbed like a child. Faber felt no pity for a man who had so little self-control.

And all that day they remained in the hut while the wind soughed drearily without, already seeming to bemoan the fates of the two dying individuals within. All nature played sadly while the two men awaited death.

Two days passed and then Carson became dangerous. He wandered about in the hut like a caged lion, peering at the magazine pictures tacked to the wall, suddenly bursting into hilarious laughter, then cursing until the veins stood out on his forehead. And all the while Faber watched him from his bunk with blood-shot eyes.

Then, much to Faber's horror, Carsop began to collect all his belongings ann pile them beside his bunk. When he took his supposed bag of fur Faber groaned inwardly. Carson, in such a state, would kill him for what he had done.

For some time Carson merely lay on his bunk and stared at the collection in a detached manner. Suddenly he leant over and grabbed the fur bag. He loosened the strings and peered in. A look of incredulous amazement spread over his features. He drew out the blanket and stared at it. Faber paled. Carson turned his head and stared at him with an uncanny rage smoldering in his eyes.

"You cur!" he snarled. "You low-down cur." He rose unsteadily from his bunk in a dangerous position, nearly bent double. "So you thought you'd steal my pelts, eh?" He grasped a piece of firewood and crept towards Faber. Faber leapt from his bunk and placed the table between them; and there they stood like two mad beasts, staring at each other ferociously.

Carson made a quick movement and dashed the table to one side, and then, with simultaneous cries, they grappled.

Outside the wind had suddenly ceased to blow and all nature was hushed as if expectant for something appalling, horrible to happen.

Inside, two human creatures clawed and hit at each other like fiends incarnate. Carson was fighting to kill and Faber for the disablement of his opponent.

Faber stepped back and struck out. Carson was momentarily dazed but quickly recovered himself. He leant down and picked up the evil-looking stick of wood.

Faber moved as if to once more rush

his enemy, but suddenly changed his mind, turned like a flash and bolted out of the door. It would mean certain death to grapple with Carson again, for the exertion he had just gone through had played him out. Carson was strengthened by his rage.

Carson leaped like a panther after him, then halted abruptly. He threw the stick crashing into a corner, then grabbed a rifle from off the rack. With a curse he strang out the door after Faber.

Faber was half way across the clearing to the woods, running and staggering to shelter. Carson raised his rflie, took careful aim, then fired. Faber gave a muffled cry, threw up his arms and fell forward in a heap.

There was madness in Carson's eyes as he kicked the inanimate form.

"You cur," he muttered thickly, "you thieving cur."

Suddenly a new voice broke the depressing silence.

"Put up your hands, Carson, and drop that gun."

The rifle dropped from Carson's suddenly nervous hands. He looked up and gave a smothered cry of absolute horror. He was staring into the steely eyes of a Canadian mounted policeman. Where most men would not attempt to come a man of the famous force had struggled his way in the execution of his duty.

"Wha—what do you want me for?" Carson spoke in a whisper.

"For the murder of Andrew Folette and your partner there, Racham Faber." He pointed to the still figure sprawled out on the snow.

Carson suddenly gave a shriek of mingled rage and fear, and then, throwing his arms before his face, he fell across the cold form of his late partner —dead.

THE PILLAGE OF FORT SELKIRK

IN 1848, Robert Campbell (a Chief Factor in the Company's service) carried the flag of H. B. C. into the Yukon and established a post at the forks of the Pelly and Lewis rivers, which he named Fort Selkirk. This post had been in operation but four years when it was sacked by the Chilcoten Indians. The letter reporting the incident, written by Campbell to Chief Factor James Anderson, then in charge of the MacKenzie river district, furnishes some interesting sidelights on the hazards which attended the operation of the fur trade in those far northern latitudes during the first half of the last century.

Fort Simpson, Nov. 4th, 1852.

James Anderson, Esq.

Dear Sir: It is with the deepest sorrow I have to inform you of our expulsion from Fort Selkirk, and of the pillage or destruction of everything in it by a party of trading Indians from the coast, on the 12th of August last. Finding that we had cut off their lucrative trade, they have been annually getting from bad to worse, and at last became furious at our success.

This is a disaster that at any time or under any circumstance is much to be regretted, but more particularly so at this precise period, when after a residence of four years of misery for want of a regular outfit, to test the capabilities of the trade, at the very moment we had received it, and our troubles appeared to be just ending, with brighter prospects than we had anticipated rising before us, that we should be thus in a moment robbed of all with impunity by a band of savages was most heartrending.

It may not be out of place to mention here that the non-receipt of outfits put it out of our power till this year to put up the fort on the sight originally intended, and that the stockades were but in preparation for erecting this winter. I may also observe that in place of Mr. Stewart or myself leaving on a trip for trading provisions down the Pelly on or about the 12th or 15th of August, I availed myself of the opportunity of getting a cow up from the Yukon by sending off a little earlier, and immediately after my arrival with the outfit at the close of July, Mr. Stewart started with the boat, four men and some Indians. He was to trade on the way up and his return was expected at latest by the end of August. At the fort I had two men and two engaged Indians with me, and the business was going on peaceably and

prosperously, much to my satisfaction, and would have continued to do so but for the arrival of a party of twenty-seven of these demons on the 20th of August.

They took us by surprise, as we were then absent at work, but arrived as they were landing. They brought letters from the coast stating that they had been reprimanded through their chief by the commander of the steamer *Beaver* (Mr. C. E. Stewart) for their unruly and thievish propensities last year, and promised to be less troublesome. Though their turbulence occasionally subsided into partial quiet, it was like a volcano, ever ready to burst anew. They were never for a moment out of mischief, and it defied our vigilance to watch them in every corner of our premises.

The two wives (Flett's and Lake's) who were in the kitchen made off for the woods, and soon after were followed by one of the men (Brough), events of which I was not aware for several hours after, and as it diminished our force it increased the audacity of these villains. In the afternoon of the next day (21st) a boat not expected till the close of October, with two canoes, was hailed coming down the Pelly, in which, as it unfortunately happened, were only two of the hunters with their families. This aroused their fury, and as the boat neared the Chilcats rushed out with their guns and knives, though ignorant who or how many were in the boat. Having yet some control over them, I left McLeod to notice the house, and to prevent bloodshed, rushed to the bank.

The boat was passing some distance out. The Indians sprung into the water and dragged it ashore, and amidst roaring and yelling had it emptied of everything, and the two Indians disarmed of their guns, knives, and axes in a moment. One of the principal leaders, *Mustash the Postman,* who appeared in no way excited, with several others seized hold of one of the hunter's guns, on which I laid hold of it, and with him (each holding the gun) I approached the hall door, determined to stake all for them.

An instantaneous rush was made upon me, with their guns and knives. Others seized me by the arms. Two of the guns snapped. One Indian as he sprung at me with a knife, ripped up the side of a dog that came across him, and the blood off the blade crimsoned my arm as I evaded the blow. In one of the guns aimed at me (a brass blunderbuss) I saw four bullets put a little before the fray began. My pistols, which were concealed in my belt, were wrenched from me before I could fire; in fact an attempt to do so would have been in vain, and could have ended only in the indiscriminate murder of all.

They were already masters. On seeing it likely to come to the worst, I called out to our Indians to try for the store, where guns were ready for the enemy's reception, but in this sudden onset I found myself alone and could see none of our people. My attempt to gain the store was defeated; I was dragged and pushed towards the bank, one only of those holding my arms warded off several knife thrusts, and I believe under Providence I owe my life to so many having hold of me, as those with the guns, though jumping round and round me, could hardly cover me alone.

In the struggle I felt sure of death, and it was with thankful surprise, though stunned with vexation, that I found myself released on the bank of the river, and only one of our hunters to be seen. He was out in the middle of the stream in a small canoe. Soon after, McLeod joined us. He could not get out to aid me in the scuffle. They had an axe, guns and knives at his head. He had effected his escape by a back door. Lapie, Peter, the other hunter, with the wives and children (he thought) had made their escape to the woods, but it was the close of day before they joined us, as well as Brough and the two wives who deserted the preceding day. We were without a blanket amongst the party, and none of the men but myself had even a capot; nothing but their trousers, and in their shirt sleeves, with but two guns and a few shots of powder amongst us.

Though I have troubled you with this long account, I beg to assure you that no detail, by even a better penman, can convey an adequate idea of the savage scene, sudden as lightning, that led to this sad misfortune.

The roaring and yelling of these painted fiends, smashing everything

that came in their way—and firing—beggars description. I feel, however, assured that those who know me at least will be satisfied that the utmost extremity alone obliged me to abandon my charge.

The only alternative now was to proceed down the river to meet Mr. Stewart, some of the natives, or both, to revenge the blow, and this I did without delay.

Mr. Stewart we had not the good luck to meet, but we reached the camp of one of the Indian chiefs about noon the next day. He was furious at what had happened, and with all his band we returned immediately, say about ten men, making in all twelve guns. The evening of the following day (23rd) we reached and surrounded the fort, never in the least doubting that the Chilcats were still there, but to our inexpressible vexation all were gone, and all the goods, furs and private property taken or destroyed, except the few articles of which I hand you a list.

I regret to say that except ammunition and tobacco, but little else of the entire outfit had been traded. Not a grain of powder or rag of clothing was left. Cassettes, dressing cases, writing desks, kegs and musical instruments were smashed into a thousand atoms and the house and store strewed with the wreck, a sight to madden a saint.

The advance of my Indian allies, which thus far was apparently resolute enough, cooled considerably when they found that the enemy had escaped with the booty, and had so much the start of us.

They all argued that now, without goods, we would possibly abandon them, to depend again on these traders for supplies. In short no inducement could persuade them to follow up the pursuit with me. Without a grain of powder, guns, or an article of clothing, I found it would be impossible to stand out the winter, unless Mr. Stewart might possibly have still a little powder on hand, in which case I intended to have weathered it out, and send to the Yukon for such necessaries as could be spared to meet such an emergency.

Unexpected and unlooked for casualties delayed Mr. Stewart beyond the time expected, and when we met we had to yield with some reluctance to necessity and abandon the fort for the winter.

Mr. Stewart with six men, some of the hunters, four boats, two canoes, and all the remainder of the property, proceeded to Fort Yukon, and all our men being good fishermen, the hunters also being good hunters, and all our nets and twine being saved, I trust Mr. Hardisty will be able to winter them all without causing any convenience or additional expense to his post.

The route by the Pelly and the west branch being shorter, I proceeded hither in a small canoe with two men. We crossed over the mountains to obtain your aid and approbation for returning as early in the season as possible, feeling assured that apart from the main object of continuing to prosecute the trade you will permit us an opportunity to wash away the stigma the Indians will cast on the character and bravery of the Company's officers. By so doing you will I trust promote equally the Company's interests and infinitely oblige one who has the honor to be, with sincere esteem and respect, dear sir,

Your most obedient sevant,
(Signed) ROBERT CAMPBELL.

HAS ANY EMPLOYEE
Died, or—
Married,
Eloped, or—
Become engaged.
Had a fire, or—
Appendicitis.
Bought an auto, or—
A Ford.
Fallen from an aeroplane, or—
Down stairs.
Bought a new house, or—
A new kind of "brew."
Had twins, or—
Rheumatism.
Started a new moustache, or—
A fight.
Stolen a spotlight, or—
A cow.
Committed suicide, or—
Fallen off a toboggan.
Skinned the H. C. of L., or—
Their shin.
Become rich, or—
Good looking.
Told a "good one" about fishing, or—
Being out after midnight?

News items—that's what we want. Items on any of the above subjects about our employees.
Write them, tell them or sing them—just so they get there!—*The Associate Editors*

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Soldier Settlers

NOW and again we hear of the ex-service man who, having sacrificed nobly in his country's crisis, finds since returning to Canada that he is a "round peg in a square hole." Possibly he has been unable to find continuous employment under the conditions that prevailed.

Meanwhile, according to the report of the Soldier Settlement Board, 25,443 of his brothers-in-arms have forsaken the cities where new jobs are few and gone to the soil, which is the mainspring of Canada's life. Set up in the farming business by the government itself, these ex-soldiers have located on 4,854,799 acres of land. Their crops are valued this year at $13,953,178, not including dairy products, livestock and other sources of revenue.

A further wonder is that only about two per cent. of the soldier settlers have tried and failed, for various reasons, to stay on the land.

Canada's Soldier Settlement Board has done good work. It has shown the way to help settlers to help themselves. There is much in its method of adapting the land to the man and filling up Canada's open spaces that might well be used by other land settling agencies in the Dominion.

Associate Editors

PLEASE note from this list the name of the Associate Editor for your branch or the one nearest you. Send your news items and other contributions to him *now* for January issue. Let everybody contribute something original, if only a paragraph.

LONDON, ENGLAND
J. D. J. Forbes, Fur Warehouse

MONTREAL
E. G. Fry, District Office
Noel Evans, E. B. A.

NEW YORK
Bruno Weyers, 165 Broadway.

TORONTO
J. G. M. Christie, 30 Classic Ave.

WINNIPEG
I. Smith, Executive Department
J. Brown, Publicity Department
John McMurray, Accounting Department
B. A. Everitt, Land Department
W. M. Conn, Fur Trade Department
T. F. Reith, Retail
Wm. A Edmonds, Wholesale
W. M. McLean, Stores Administration Offices
L. Bartleman, Keewatin District Office

EDMONTON
J. Prest, Retail
W. G. MacLean, District Office
B. Yuill, Wholesale
J. R. McIntosh, Land Department

LETHBRIDGE
W. L. Ogden

CALGARY
F. R. Reeve, Retail

PRINCE ALBERT
J. J. Barker, District Office

YORKTON
H. N. Louth

NELSON
W. S. King

VERNON
L. R. Barnett

FORT WILLIAM
J. D. McKenzie, District Office

VANCOUVER
F. S. Garner, Retail
C. H. French, District Office

VICTORIA
A. S. Woollard, Retail
E. H. Wilson, Land Department

KAMLOOPS
A. E. Dodman

NORTH BAY
A. W. Patterson, District Office

NEWFOUNDLAND
Ralph Parsons, District Office

YORK FACTORY
C. H. Harding

HERSCHEL ISLAND
H. H. Hall

MOOSE FACTORY
Geo. R. Ray

THIS Baffin's Island Eskimo mother is amiable before the camera, but the child is shy.

Disarmament Christmas

THE Washington conference of the powers is a cynosure for the eyes of a world sick of war and looking for a practical way out. Nations await the outcome breathlessly. Is there to be at last a workable peace programme, having the sympathy and understanding of a diversity of peoples?

The first disarmament Christmas! "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" this year should have a deeper meaning.

Three Brothers

THREE brothers left the farm to work in the city and all obtained positions in the same company starting out at the same salary—$80 a month.

Six years later one brother was receiving $100 a month, the second $200, and the third $500.

Their father, hearing of these salaries, decided to visit his sons' employer and find out why they were paid on what seemed to be such an unfair basis.

"I will let them explain for themselves," said the boss, as he pressed a button under his desk.

Jim, the lowest paid of the three, answered.

"I understand the Oceanic has just docked," said the employer. "Please go down there and get an inventory of her cargo."

Three minutes later Jim was back in the office.

"She carries a cargo of 2000 seal skins," reported Jim. "I got the information from the first mate over the telephone."

"Thank you, Jim," said the boss. "That will be all."

He pressed the button again and Frank, the $200 man, reported.

"Frank, I wish you would go down to the dock and get an inventory of the Oceanic's cargo."

An hour later Frank was back with a list showing that the Oceanic not only carried 2000 seal skins, but that she also had 500 beaver and 1100 mink pelts.

The employer pressed the button a third time and George, the $500 man, walked into the office.

He was given the same instructions his brothers had received.

George did not return for three hours and the office had closed for the day, but his father and the boss were waiting for him.

"The Oceanic carries 2000 seal skins," he began. "They are offered at $5 each, so I took a two-day option on them, and I have wired a prospect, offering them to him at $7. I expect to have his order tomorrow. I also found 500 beaver, which I sold over the telephone at a profit of $700. The mink pelts are of poor quality, so I didn't try to do anything with them."

"That's fine, George," said the boss.

Then when he had gone the employer turned to the father.

"You probably noticed," he said, "that:

"Jim doesn't do as he is told;

"Frank does as he's told, and

"George does without being told."

AT THE GARRY

He—"I could dance on like this forever."

She—"Oh, I'm sure you don't mean it! You're bound to improve."

TWO IN ONE

"Your dog took first prize at the cat show?

"Why, how was that?"

"He took the cat."

WINNIPEG

Greetings

FIRST off, we wish you all a busy time until December 25th, *the happiest Christmas you can think of;* then, after the hurry and flurry, *a bigger, brighter, more prosperous New Year than ever before!*

Rumored but Not Confirmed

—that Bob Cunningham will make a model husband for some one, judging by his penchant for fashion show models.

—that the first pair of unbuckled overshoes were seen parading through the streets in all their sloppy beauty one day last month.

—that Mr. Welsh of the wallpaper department will have some interesting news to tell us ere long—in reference to a certain lady in the mantle department.

—that Big Bill Scott and Craig-Brown, the "British Champion," have challenged each other to a little game of "Caging the Cooties" to take place soon in Toytown!

—that Jim Fuller is scouting around for another job. He says if the staff continues with the punctuality habit the same as they have during November there will be no need of a timekeeper any more!

The Roarin' Game

RETAIL curlers are eagerly awaiting hard ice, when they can get started at the season's "roarin'" sport. Three sheets of ice have been obtained at the Terminal rink and about thirty players have signed up from the store.

This is not so many as in previous years, but the store has been unfortunate in losing the services of at least a dozen good players since last season.

However, what we lack in numbers will be made up in quality; so the wholesale and land office players can reckon on some husky opposition when the finals come around.

WINNIPEG RETAIL office staff. Employed in the store during the period from 1886 to 1893. This interesting photograph shows the following members of the office staff when the "parent store" was the finest in Canada. Standing—Robert Buettner; Arthur Fox; R. Gallagher; Frank Leggo. Sitting—W. B. Cheshire; David Johnson; B. Campbell; A. N. Mowatt.

Going Up

INTERESTING announcements were made at the department managers' meeting the morning of November 15th.

Mr Higgins' transferrence from Winnipeg store to Calgary as manager of drapery and house furnishings department was announced, Mr. Ashbrook, assistant manager at Winnipeg, being appointed to take over his duties here.

The appointment of Mr. Ogden, buyer of men's clothing and furnishings, to manage the Company's retail store at Lethbridge, and the announcement that Mr. Pearin, of the fur department, will fill his place at Winnipeg, were further changes of the month.

Great satisfaction was expressed at this further evidence of the Company's established policy of promoting to higher positions, wherever possible, those within our own organization.

Punctuality Contest

WINNIPEG retail is now in the midst (we almost said the throes) of a novel competition—a punctuality contest. This was promoted primarily to remind the staff of the necessity of coming to business on time both morning and noon and in a broader sense bring to everybody's notice the virtues of punctual and regular habits in every-day business life.

The store has been divided into nine groups, each group composed of widely separated departments. A large score board in the time office records the daily scores made by each group and great interest is being manifested by everyone in the results.

The group obtaining the highest collective score for the month will be the guests of the management to a theatre party some time in December. Each individual in the store who attains a perfect record will receive the reward of a holiday with pay during January.

It has often been said that H. B. C. is the most human corporation in existence. In this connection, a thought which forcibly brings out the very relations of the Company with its employees is this: instead of strictly penalizing employees for lateness, here one is rewarded for simply coming to work early. Each of us should realize and appreciate the broad-minded, generous spirit which prompts this policy.

Another point which has been brought to light so far is the fact that the male employees are more regular and punctual than the gentler sex. Altho' at this writing there are quite a few days to run, group three looks to be well away in the lead—this group being mainly composed of males. What have you to say about it, girls?

Punctuality Newsettes

The bulletin board in the time office, upon which were posted daily bulletins of interesting happenings in the contest contained many choice tid-bits.

The prize must be awarded to this one—occasioned by the following incident:

Accountant Drennan lives quite a way out in the country. He has been in the habit of picking up some of the office staff—(girls, of course) and giving them a lift to work in his car. One morning the flivver flivved with the result they were all late. Mr. Drennan applied for special dispensation on the grounds that it was accidental and unavoidable. Mr. Ogston took the view that anyone who will take such risks (meaning the car (?) or the girls?) must take the consequences. The points had to be deducted from their scores.

Mr. Ogden, buyer of men's clothing and furnishings, was away in the East almost the whole of the month of November on business for his department. He reports conditions very favorable for a brisk holiday trade.

The departure of Mr. Higgins, buyer for house furnishings and carpets, from Winnipeg store to Calgary was a great loss in more ways than one. Our loss was Calgary's gain, and it is pleasing to know he will still be with the Company.

We regret to record the death recently of Mr. Ward, a former employee of the men's clothing department, after a long and painful sickness.

Everybody Was at This Dance

By TOM JOHNSON

A VERY successful H. B. C. get-together social, including dancing, entertainment and refreshments, was held in the Fort Garry hotel on Tuesday evening, November 15th. Dancing was kept up until a late hour.

Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves, especially in the Highland schottishe, in which several of our well known managers took part to the tune of the bagpipes.

The various departments of the Company turned out in splendid numbers, which was very gratifying to the promotors. It was delightful to see some of our old-timers taking part in the dances.

The singing of Madame Berthe Breitner and Miss A. Long was highly appreciated, being very ably accompanied by Miss L. Booth.

Some time in January look for the big H. B. C. masquerade, and all prepare your best costumes.

WHOLESALE DEPOT

Curling

By W. A. EDMONDS

SOME time ago it was suggested by one of our branches that we have an H. B. C. bonspiel week at the same time as the Winnipeg bonspiel. Curling has an strong hold with the different branches now, managers and employees alike enjoying the roarin' game. It would arouse much interest. It has been suggested that the Company present a cup for the competition along with prizes for second and third placed rinks. So sweep hard, curlers, and let's have other suggestions. The wholesale draw for games resulted as follows:

First Week

Poitras	vs.	*Veysey*
Brock	vs.	*A. Thompson*
Kinsman	vs.	*Ross*
Ritchie	vs.	*Swan*
Nairn	vs.	*Seaborn*
Edmonds	vs.	*Snider*
Phelan	vs.	*McMicken*

Second Week

McMicken	vs.	*Veysey*
Brock	vs.	*Kinsman*
A. Thompson	vs.	*Ross*
Ritchie	vs.	*Nairn*
Swan	vs.	*Seaborn*
Ross	vs.	*Edmonds*
Poitras	vs.	*Phelan*

Third Week

McMicken	vs.	*Brock*
Poitras	vs.	*Snider*
A. Thompson	vs.	*Kinsman*
Ross	vs.	*Ritchie*
Swan	vs.	*Nairn*
Edmonds	vs.	*Seaborn*
Phelan	vs.	*Veysey*

Fourth Week

McMicken	vs.	*Seaborn*
Poitras	vs.	*Swan*
Veysey	vs.	*Edmonds*
A. Thompson	vs.	*Ritchie*
Ross	vs.	*Snider*
Kinsman	vs.	*Seaborn*
Phelan	vs.	*Nairn*

H.B.C. St. John's Ambulance

THE final examination of all candidates connected with the above took place Nov. 17th and at the close somebody remarked how cool and collected they looked. The explanation may be that the class started with a Brewer and ended at the Wells.

The staff were sorry to learn of the sudden illness of J. P. Smyth, country traveller, while at Moose Jaw on Nov. 12th. When taken to the hospital it was found that an operation for appendicitis was necessary.

Sympathy is extended to Miss Nellie Ballard in her recent bereavement through the death of her sister from pneumonia.

C. Pittam, grocery department, was granted five months' leave of absence from Nov. 17th, sailing from Montreal with his family for Northampton, England, on Nov. 25th.

W. Pierson, grocery department, sails Dec. 3rd from Halifax for Glasgow to visit his parents on the anniversary of their golden wedding.

Candy Factory Workers Put By Savings

THERE are a great many theories and beliefs held in regard to the number 13. Some think it an unlucky number, others hold the opposite opinion. In the H. B. C. candy factory there are thirteen (13) hardy, robust young women and men who never stop to discuss hoodoo numbers. On Oct. 28th they made a deposit opening up a bank account and have added to their credit balance weekly, which plan they intend keeping up.

Quite a number of other employees considered this a wise step and are falling in line believing there is luck in odd numbers. The bank is under the supervision of Mr. A. Murray, of the candy factory office staff, who has proven himself to be an efficient banker in looking after the interests of the employees who availed themselves of the opportunity of opening a savings account.

Gordon Caslake, hardware department, the popular fleet-footed young outfielder of the Transcona baseball club and holder of the 100 yards H. B. C. wholesale championship, took the plunge into the sea of matrimony on October 15th when he was united in

marriage to Miss B. Osborne, of the retail store. He was the recipient of a cut glass set, also a quantity of American gold from the staff. Best wishes are extended to the young couple.

"Joe" Lyons, manager of the hardware department, who last year gained the distinction of landing the biggest fish (a muskellunge, weight 40 pounds) ever pulled out of the Lake-of-the-Woods, is smiling these days because Mr. A. Anderson, of Fort William district office, still lacks the skill of landing a fish. Rain-in-the-face landed his alone, but it required two to land the trout (30 pounds).

C. Scruby, our ever-smiling watchman, is still confined to his bed suffering from a torn ligament caused by a fall in our office. We trust to see him soon again happier and better than ever.

Miss Davis Farewelled

WE are sorry to record the departure of Miss E. Davis (Elsie), who left the H. B. C. on Oct. 22nd to make her home in Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. C. W. Veysey, general manager, having been asked to present her with a gift in the form of a silver vanity purse and American gold as a token subscribed for by her managers and co-workers alike, voiced the feeling of all who knew her when he said that he had never known better services given than she had given the Company during the nine years she was with us, and how genuinely sorry all were to part with so thorough and conscientous a worker.

What About This, Girls?

PARIS has decreed the short skirt will be worn no longer. That is to say, no longer will the short skirt be Worn. In other words, the short skirt, while remaining relatively short, will be worn longer, or at least—well, anyway.

ONE of our travellers put up at a dilapidated country hotel one night. He glanced frowningly about the office, reluctantly signed the register and took the brass key.

"Is there any water in my room?" he demanded. "There was," replied the proprietor, "but I had the roof fixed."

Library Opened

A LIBRARY for benefit of all employees was opened recently through the energetic work of G. Prieur and W. A. Edmonds, and it is certainly encouraging to see everybody taking advantage, as it seems to have been a long felt want. There is plenty of good reading to be had and it will be greatly appreciated if any person having books and of no longer use to them would bring them along so that they could be of benefit to others. The library is open every Tuesday evening from 5 to 5.30.

Like Any Woman

HE was in love with her and he wanted to marry her, but he had some very definite ideas about the mental companionship that should exist between husband and wife, and he felt that he must make them clear to her before he proposed.

"Madge," he said, "I want you to know all about my work. I want to explain it to you so you will understand it perfectly, and then I will tell you my reason for doing it."

"Do tell me," breathed Madge, her whole soul shining at him in her eyes.

He told at length. He told her everything he knew about his business, and she followed him with her expressive gaze and nodded her comprehension.

He finished, and started with trembling expectancy upon the real matter in hand. "Madge," he began, and stopped. She was still gazing intently, but not into his eyes.

In the pretty little childish voice that always played upon his heart strings, she whispered, "Your feet are lots bigger than my feet, aren't they."—*Harrodian Gazette.*

TELEPHONE CHATTER

Dick, calling Jack: "Can't you come over tonight?"

Jack, answering Dick: "Oh, I can't, I'm washing my B V D's.

And just here the operator accommodatingly remarked: "I'm ringing them."

KIND-HEARTED MOTHER.

Excerpt from a mother's letter to her son in camp: "Dear Willie: Don't shoot the little craps; remember they love life as well as you do."

EDMONTON

"Hudsonia" Restaurant

THE above view shows Chef Houndsel (seen in the centre) with his assistants and staff of the famous "Hudsonia" restaurant at Edmonton store. The chef is a native of Weymouth, England. Since taking the reins in this capacity, seating accommodation, both in the "Hudsonia" and cafeteria, is almost at a premium during the noon hour.

Frequently as many as 750 people have been served during the noon meal and afternoon teas in a single day, by these very competent waitresses. As will be noted, the staff is not large, but what they lack in numbers they make up in efficiency.

Chef Houndsel is strong for co-operation and harmony throughout the entire staff, for without this spirit it would be impossible to accomplish the remarkable results which have been achieved under his regime.

There's Truth in This

A certain young lady in the advertising department whilst taking down shorthand notes was baffled by the spelling of "oratorio". Upon being asked if she knew what an "oratorio" was, she replied that she did not, but that it was some kind of music. "Well, no doubt you know what jazz is then?" Without a moment's hesitation, she replied, "that's a noise."

SAGE ADVICE

An Old Timer says: "Never run after a street car or a woman. There'll be another along in a few minutes. There aren't so many after midnight, but they go faster."

Retail Store Notes

Miss Florence Deyl was the recipient of a presentation from her fellow employees of a silver casserole and cut glass upon the eve of her marriage to Mr. H. Stone, of Edmonton. For the past four years Miss Deyl has been a valued employee of the Company and upon her resignation acted as assistant to Mr. Robinson, buyer for the drugs and toilet goods sections. Miss May Magahy and Miss Doris Knight, personal friends and members of the staff, were present at the very pretty wedding. Mrs. Stone is now residing at 9623 110A avenue.

Messrs. Briggs, Stapells, Harvey and Chasey returned from the Eastern markets, where they have been buying for the harvest sale and the Christmas trade. They all report business looking much brighter and the turning point for better conditions has been passed.

Miss Jennie Jones, of the transfer desk, has been granted a leave of absence of six months in order to return to her old home in Wales, after an absence of five years. We wish her a right royal time. Miss June Boyle will fill her place during her absence.

Miss Doherty spent several weeks in the East buying hosiery and gloves for the Christmas business. During her absence Miss Alice Wright filled the breach very creditably.

Miss Belle McLean is once more back in her old place in the stationery department after three months' leave of absence. Belle made the trip to the oil fields at Fort Norman, 1200 miles north of Edmonton, and could write a book on her experiences. She was accompanied by Miss MacNally, recently of the drug department; Mrs. Sinclair and daughter and Mr. Sinclair, district manager for Athabasca-MacKenzie.

H.B.A.A. Notes

WINTER operations were commenced on Friday, Oct. 28th, with a supper held in the cafeteria, followed by a social evening, cards, singing and dancing.

Over two hundred sat down to supper after which the president presented a tentative program, drawn up by the executive for the winter months, which comprised:

Whist Drives	*Skating Carnival*
Dances	*Sleigh Rides*
Skating Parties	*Concerts*

This program was adopted.

Hockey

LAST season we had a good hockey team and were exceedingly unfortunate in not winning the city championship, but this season we hope that the weak points in our team have been strengthened.

Of the team which represented us last season, five are with us this year and we are fortunate in obtaining three men who should prove very valuable assets.

It is early yet, but by the next issue we will be able to speak definitely on our prospects in the city senior league.

Officers for 1921

Honorary President.....F. F. Harker
Honorary Vice-President.....G. M. Mackenzie
President.....P. A. Stone
Secretary-Treasurer.....T. A. Crockett

Executive Committee

Miss McVicar,	Mr. J. Harkness,
Miss H. Stephen,	Mr. J. W. Briggs,
Mrs. Alumbaugh,	Mr. E. Perrier,
Miss Connie Tweedle,	Mr. G. Morgan,
Miss L. Hardy,	Mr. J. Hughes,
Miss D. Macleod,	Mr. H. J. Roberts,
Mr. A. R. Pallett,	Mr. F. W. Smith.

IT seems strange, but after you spend months and months finding a house, the bill collector finds it without any trouble at all.

MAN'S proudest moments are when the doctor tells him it's a boy and when his flivver passes a high-priced car on a hill.

FALL STYLES

For the afternoon funeral, wear a cutaway coat and a silk hat. If the funeral is your own, leave off the hat.—*Euclid Booster.*

CHRISTMAS

At Old Fort Edmonton Seventy Years Ago

By J. PREST

ACCORDING to old records in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company, Chief Factor Rowand was in charge of Fort Edmonton at this period. Within the palisades of the fort, a little colony of some 140 souls lived—staunch Scotchmen from the Orkney and Shetland Islands, most of them—engaged by the Company for a term of five years to carry on the work at these remote trading posts.

Outside the palisades the buffalo roamed in thousands, sometimes coming so near that they could be shot from the gates of the fort. As soon as the Saskatchewan was frozen over in winter the garrison of the fort were put to work in cutting ice from the river and piling it in cakes around the walls of a huge pit or ice house.

Into this were piled the carcasses of seven or eight hundred buffalo with the hides left on, until the pit was filled. This was to be the winter's supply of meat for the garrison of the fort and the multitude of dogs which were used for the sleighs when making long overland journeys to other trading posts. At this time, distant Ontario was the nearest point of civilization with the exception of the small settlement at Fort Garry (Winnipeg).

Imagine if you can the thoughts of this little colony at Fort Edmonton on Christmas day, 1850, cut off from the world by 1500 miles of wilderness.

The main room of the fort where this old-time Christmas was held measured 60 by 25 feet, heated by large open fires with massive chimneys. The walls were gaudily and barbarically decorated, no doubt to impress the Indian chiefs who were always received in this room when visiting the fort to trade.

No snowy white table linen graced this festive board—no fine china or silver, but bright tin plates and cups reflected the jolly faces of these rugged Scots as they gathered around.

The long tables groaned and creaked under the weight of boiled buffalo hump, haunches of moose, dried moose nose, delicately browned whitefish, roast goose and duck and huge piles of potatoes and turnips grown just outside

the palisades of the fort and stored for winter use. Last but not least, it appears that bread and bannock were also available. The source of this supply was also, no doubt, home grown, as the Company had several acres of farm land on the flats where the golf links are today.

After this sumptuous repast all tables were cleared away ready for the big dance. Outside the fort hundreds of Indians and halfbreeds with their squaws had gathered, and these were also invited to the feast and the dance. Soon the fiddlers began to tune up, variations being supplied by others who chorded the strings with an indescribable droning melody. It would be difficult for us today to realize the wild hilarity of such a scene.

The dance itself was but one degree removed from the barbaric Indian dances beside the campfires. The tunes were rendered as fast as could be played and the floor was packed with a motley crowd of dancers—Indians, halfbreeds, and Hudson's Bay men with halfbreed girls and Indian squaws for partners.

The steps were a mixture of the Red river reel, jig, strathspeys and hornpipes, interspersed with pow-wows by the Indians gayly bedecked in paint and feathers, and Highland flings by the Scots. Add to this bedlam a room thick with smoke from the pipes of scores of rugged Scotchmen filled with strong Black Twist tobacco and you'll have a picture of this old-time Christmas at Fort Edmonton 'way back in 1850.

TWO ways of utilizing advertising space. Are crowded ads not a waste of advertising money?—From Quids and Quads.

An Appreciation

FORMER stores commissioner H. E. Burbidge sends to the Company's employees the following appreciation for the illuminated address that was given him and the presentations made to Mrs. Burbidge and himself on the day of the Victoria store opening:

We wish to convey our thanks to all of you who so generously contributed towards the presentation to us on the occasion of my retirement from the Company's service.

I realize now, when these magnificent gifts are in my home what pride and pleasure it gives us to show our friends the address and accompanying gifts, not to mention the scroll containing so many names of old friends and co-workers.

I have felt for some time past that I could not convey to you our feelings for your most kind and generous action, as no words of mine can ever express our appreciation and thanks. These beautiful gifts will always be held amongst our most treasured possessions and the names of all contributors will ever be before us as a constant reminder of an unrepaid debt of gratitude.

(Signed) H. E. BURBIDGE.

It is regretted it was not possible to include the above in the last issue of *The Beaver*.—The Editor.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Two Irishmen were comparing notes about politics, jobs, hard times and the like, when Pat O'Rourke, a third one, joined in the discussion.

"Sure, and I'm satisfied with things," said Pat. "I've a pache of a job."

"Is that so?" said the others. "And what might ye be doin'?"

"I'm pulling down the Episcopal church," replied Pat, "and I'm gettin' paid for it."

MY DEAR, HAVE YOU A MATCH?

"Why did you quit smoking?"

"It has gotten so it looks effeminate."

This
Advertisement
is set in big type, occupying every possible fraction of space. It shows how little emphasis there really is in mere bigness and blackness of type. Yet it is too common, especially among amateurs, who think they thus get more for their money.

This Advertisement

Containing the same number of words as its neighbor on page

CLINCHES THE ATTENTION

and invites reading, by the fact that it is dressed in form of an "island" surrounded by white space. Its modesty, too, inspires confidence and wins good will.

CALGARY

Introducing the Company's New Pricing Policy

By F. R. REEVE

IT is doubtful that any policy of the Company's has received as much care and thought as the plans which preceded the launching of the "Greater Service Idea" here.

In a series of conferences by the store's executive the conclusion was finally reached that the facts were big enough and sufficient in themselves to accelerate business, if the public could be brought to accept them, and it was felt that the only way to introduce them here was in a simple, plain way that would truthfully emphasize the really great facts we desired to present.

Such a policy is a big thing to the Company itself and is undoubtedly of greater interest to our customers, and it was deemed expedient, in order that all members of the organization should be uniform in their statements to the public, that the facts themselves should be truthfully presented.

It was felt that extravagant claims and circus advertising would not meet the case, and meetings were therefore held with the buyers in the first place, and in the second place with the staff, in order that uniformity of facts should be understood and so presented in an acceptable way to our customers, both in the written word and by word of mouth.

The policy was most favorably received by the organization as a whole and their enthusiastic acceptance of it augurs well for the results expected from the public.

Elect Sales Committee

TO appoint a sales committee to work in conjunction with the executive committee, the store elected the following buyers and members of the staff as a committee for sales suggestions: Mr. Ross, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. McKellar and Mr. Vair. The conditions of office are such that the buyer receiving the largest number of votes is to serve two months, the buyer receiving the second number of votes serves one month, the members for non-selling and selling staffs each to serve one month.

At the end of a month three other members are elected by popular ballot and the incoming buyer, taking the chairmanship, is enabled to have the advice and information from the remaining buyer as to what has transpired during the previous month. We look for much good to emanate from this efficient little committee.

Santa Claus and the Calgary Store

LAST year's scheme of tea parties with Santa Claus in the store, attended by from three to four hundred each day, was so successful that it was decided to repeat the innovation this year, and arrangements have therefore been made to continue them.

At this writing over three thousand kiddies have signified their intention of attending these H. B. C. tea parties, and the advertising department is busily engaged in sending out Santa's invitations as fast as they can be written.

Old Chris' reception this year is conducted along somewhat original lines, there being a co-operative scheme of publicity with the Capitol theatre advertising the fact that Santa is to hold a public reception in the morning of his arrival in the theatre, and children will be admitted at the rate of two thousand at a time until all have seen him, and as they enter the theatre by one avenue and leave by the other, there will be no overcrowding, crushing or discomfort for the parents.

The Capitol theatre provides a free entertainment for each performance and free tickets of admission were given to all parents who attended the Capitol theatre performance prior to date of Santa's arrival, and as the theatre is naturally anxious to secure

attendance for the performances they were only too glad to boost the Santa Claus idea. It is one of those mutually beneficial schemes that usually result in much good to the parties concerned.

H.B.C. Curling Club Awaits Ice

IT would seem that the curling bug must be first cousin to the golf bug, it has inoculated so many enthusiastic fans for the coming season.

Arrangements have been completed for eight sheets of ice every Wednesday afternoon and the following skips have been selected:

F. Sparling	*F. Cleary*
W. P. Spalding	*J. B. Hyatt*
L. A. McKellar	*J. Binnie*
J. S. Smith	*Lou Doll*
J. Shapter	*D. W. Hutchinson*
H. R. Black	*G. H. Edmison*

Each rink is to be drawn by ballot and curling will commence immediately the ice is available.

The H.B.A.A.A. purpose putting up some good prizes. A cup has been spoken of, also medals, so that from every standpoint curling at Calgary is getting away to a splendid start. Is it not possible to hold a bonspiel with some of the other H. B. C. stores? We are very anxious here to see this arranged for some time in February.

Stray Shots

THE prize in the story-telling competition at the smoker went to Mr. McGuire. We wonder if this was arranged beforehand?

We welcome Mr. Spaulding as a member of the H.B.A.A.A. executive. We are going to get a glee club now!

By the way, leave the question of a store orchestra to Mr. Vanner; he will give you a good one!

Don't look so sad, Keith! She will be back sooner than you expect!

Miss Gladys Fosse has been transferred to the infants' wear department on the second floor.

Mrs. Ingraham has been transferred from the millinery department to the art needlework section.

Harvest Sale Employees' Competition

THE result of the competition held between floors and departments in connection with the annual harvest sale were very satisfactory from all standpoints. The competitive spirit was aroused in all sections with a favorable result on the sale. Winning departments and floors are as follows:

FLOORS

First Place—Fourth Floor—furniture.

DEPARTMENTS (selling)

First Place—Toys—Floor three.

Second Place—Groceries—including order room, floor three.

DEPARTMENTS (non-selling)

First Place—Delivery Division

Members of staff who benefited under these results are as follows—

Winning Floor—Mr. Tyrell, Mr. Chidlow and Miss Brett—15 per cent. of one week's salary.

Winning Department—Miss E. Price, Mrs. M. F. Blunt—$10 and $5 bonuses, with a special prize to Mrs. Blunt for having first reached her quota out of entire staff.

Second Winning Department—A. Reid, E. A. Cuell, Wm. Ferguson, G. McKinley, J. Shrimpton, E. Holman, E. Speechly, J. Raw, R. Stewart, S. Boothman, N. McKee, H. Carr, J. McFarlane, V. Johnston, E. Peterson, J. Baillie.

Grocery order room staff who benefited by reason of grocery department being winning department:—Bonuses: S. Clark, J. Bell, E. Goodwin, G. Burns, J. Bailey, M. Humfrey, J. Reid.

Furniture warehouse staff who benefited by reason of furniture department being winning floor—Bonuses: Wards, Fallwell, McPherson, Hamilton, Moran.

Drivers who benefited in bonus competition—Dickson, Taylor, Bottomley, Murphy, Montreuil, Proctor, Lacey, Deland, Perrotti, Morrison, Marcellus, Saxby.

Delivery help who benefited in bonus competition—Lapp, Hughes, F. Russell, Howell.

Fourth Semi-Monthly Dance

THAT these dances are growing ever more popular is demonstrated by the large attendance at the last occasion of this kind. Lou Doll, the hard-working chairman of this section, is to be congratulated on the arrangements and strict supervision that has resulted in so popular an affair.

In keeping with the dignity of the Company, the executive are determined that no stigma in any shape or form should be attached to any dances conducted under the auspices of the A.A., and to this end the committee exercises the strictest care on the personnel who attend.

In view of the fact that fresh invitations are necessary for every dance for friends of members it is an indication of the care the executive are exercising in this direction.

Among those noticed at the last dance were: *Mr. and Mrs. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hayes, Mrs. H. MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. McGuire, Mr. R. W. Mason.*

Moods

By the Store Mother

WHAT slaves some of us are to some things, for example our moods. We think we cannot do this or we cannot do that until we get into the mood for it. We get a bright idea and that is very often as far as we get.

What is the use if we do not put these ideas into force by acting on them and that at the first opportunity. In waiting for the right mood to take possession of us the opportunity may pass, never to return.

If we plunge into the task, whatever it may be, the enthusiasm will be sure to come if the object be a worthy one, and instead of our moods controlling us and moral and mental energy being destroyed, we will find joy and satisfaction in the realization that our energy is increasing and this in its turn will have a beneficial effect on our physical condition.

It will steady the nerves and bring strength and invigoration as well as a higher degree of self-respect.

H.B.A.A.A. Now in Educational Work

By LOU DOLL

THE H.B.A.A.A. executive are an ambitious body of individuals; they are not merely planning to promote and carry out athletic and social events, but are also anxious to conduct educational work under the auspices of the A.A.

As a start in this connection questionnaires were sent to all ladies of the staff outlining plans for free evening classes in art needlework until Christmas.

The instructors are Mrs. Marr, Miss Knight and Miss Mahaffy, who have kindly consented to donate their services towards this end. A great deal of interest has been aroused in the idea, and it is hoped that a large number of the lady members of the staff will arrange to take advantage of the opportunity.

The A.A.A.A. have also under consideration other plans dealing with more educational work along volunteer night class lines.

JOG ON, JEHOSAPHAT

By W. H. STARK

Roads get rougher every mile; (Cluck)
Jog on, Jehosaphat, an' show some style.

Mule's gone lame an' the hens won't lay;
Spuds way down an' wheat don't pay;
Hogs no better, steers too cheap;
Cows quit milking, meat won't keep;
Oats all heated, spuds all froze;
Fruit crop's busted, wind still blows;
Sheep seem puny, an' I'll be durned
Rye field's flooded an' the haystack's burned.
Looks some gloomy. I'll admit—(Cluck)
Jog on, Jehosaphat, we ain't down yit.

Coal's in high an' crops in low;
Rail rates doubled, got no show;
Money's tighter, morals loose;
Bound to get us—what's the use!
Sun's not shinin' as it should;
Moon ain't lightnin' like it could;
Air seems heavy, water punk;
Tests your mettle; shows your spunk;
No use stoppin' to debate—(Cluck)
Jog on, Jehosaphat, it's gettin' late.

Wheels all wobbled; axle's bent;
Dashboard's broken, top all rent;
One shaft splintered, t'other sags;
Seat's all busted, end-gate drags;
May hang t'gether—b'lieve it will;
Careful drivin'll make it still;
Trot—gosh ding ye—that's the stuff,
Old trap's movin' right good speed—
(Cluck) Jog on, Jehosaphat
You're some old steed.

Sailing

TWO sailing ships may travel in opposite directions and yet both are propelled by the same wind.

It's the set of the sails and the will of the navigator that make the difference. Unmasted, both would *drift*—in the same direction.

Never mind the stress or the strife, the daily disappointments of existence; they are of no importance if your sails are set for a definite port and you hold firmly to the course.

Saskatchewan District News

THE many friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. S. Cotter, of Cumberland House, will be pleased to learn that the stork visited that post recently, presenting them with a bouncing twelve-pound boy. This youngster is already branded H. B. C., having been assigned the name of Harry Barfield Chester. Long live the "Seal of Quality!"

A. B. Cumming, assistant district accountant for Lake Huron district, has been promoted to accountant for Saskatchewan district, replacing N. A. Howland, who recently resigned.

WORSE THAN HELL

The patient missioner with eager ear
Listened the Eskimo's answer to hear;
He had taught the little Indians well,
Told them of heaven and told them of hell,
And now at last they surely would know—
"Moses, my son, where would you go
If you stole that tobacco and then did die?"
The Innuit answered and heaved a sigh,
And he trembled and shook like an aspen tree,
"I'd lose my job with the Company."

The Business Woman's Dress Commandments

To be neat but not masculine.
To wear good clothes but not gaudy ones.
To avoid imitations as much as possible.
To wear the right clothes for the right occasion.
To avoid wearing "any old thing" during the week for the sake of a "Sunday best."
To wear that which adds to her comfort but which is pleasant to the eyes of her fellowmen.

Kamloops Store News

Mr. MacDonald, store accountant, returned from a two weeks' vacation spent at the Coast, much benefited by the change and rest.

Mr. Howard MacNab spent the Thanksgiving holiday at Vancouver.

Kamloops store was well represented at the Armistice ball held at the Armory. Miss Larson, of the crockery department, pronounced it the success of the season.

EFFICIENCY

By SHEM

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that the perception of a principle is the ultimate possibility of human reason.

This sounds much more formidable than is really the case, and if we get out our dictionary and dig up the root of the word "principle" we find that it has a root in common with the word "prince" which literally means the taker of first place, being but a compound of *primus,* "first," and *capio,* "I take"—and if we remember that the verb, "to take" is borrowed from the language of a people who were war-like and always at war; who were not yet equipped with enormous artillery, but who did build forts and castles of solid masonry and heavy timbering, it will be seen that *capio* implies more that kind of taking which is the result of siege and patient occupation rather than by the eruptive effects of high explosive. Further, the prerogatives of a prince included the imposition of his will as law—and so we read into the word "principle" the definition of the Century dictionary; *"A cause in widest sense, a truth which is evident and general, a truth comprehending many subordinate truths, a law upon which other laws are founded or from which others are derived";* or that of Webster—*"a settled rule of action, a governing law of conduct."*

"Efficiency," Olgivie says, "is the state or character of being efficient; effectual agency; power of producing the effect intended."

This, then, is what we want to think about. The cause, the truths, the laws of power of producing the effect intended. We are now, mentally, like the owner of a flivver. We have the vehicle but as yet have not decided where to go.

The effect intended? What do we intend? Before taking the trip, this

must be the next thing done. Decide on the effect intended.

Am I to be an old grouch and go alone, carrying no load and merely burning gas for so many hours and days and years, effect the sense of speed, disturb a few old dogs sunning themselves in the path of progress, frighten a chicken or two, leave a smell of burning in the air, and return whence I came?

Think it over and next month meet me on the same corner. I hope that you will jump aboard, that we will get acquainted on the way, that we will be chums and see something of the country we pass through.

The Land of Silence

(*Continued from last issue*)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory
Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

CHAPTER IV.

Corporal Watson Sees a Chance of Promotion.

TOWARDS evening the police officer's duties called him away from the family circle and he had a long conversation with his corporal about instructions concerning the management of the camp and the business that had brought them there, which he had not as yet communicated to the family. Then the corporal gave his commanding officer an account of all that he had heard from the store clerk.

"And who is this Bill Miner?" asked Blake, after receiving the report.

"No one seems to know, sir. But I have a strong suspicion that he is the fellow who gave Inspector Dance so much trouble at Le Pas last spring—Smooth Bill."

"Smooth Bill!" repeated the officer for all the world as if every letter in the name was an exclamation point.

"Yes, sir," smiled his subordinate, "that's the man."

"Dance was talking to me about him," said Blake thoughtfully. "On what do you base your suspicion?"

"From the description furnished by Rogers, the clerk. I never clapped eyes on Smooth Bill myself, but he has been described to me more than once: thick red hair, grey eyes; speaks with a drawl. This stranger, so I am told, has all these. Besides, there is another thing, if you remember, Smooth Bill had our men at Persley fixed."

Blake nodded.

"Well, when Bill was caught red handed, and a smart bit of work it was, too, it all came out and our man got three months and his discharge from the force. You remember, sir?"

The officer nodded again. "Yes, but what has that to do with us now?"

"That's what I am going to find out, sir. For our fellow came north and is working at the government engineer's camp at Marsh Point. He is, I am told, pretty thick with this man Miner."

"Hem!" said Blake, thinking it over. "And you have a suspicion that these two men have something to do with the matter we have in hand?"

The corporal nodded emphatically.

"Then you can about both men and report to me again in the morning."

"Yes, sir!" said Watson with alacrity. "And if Miner *is* Smooth Bill, I'll get him," he declared to himself. "He's my meat—there'll be a sergeancy in it."

Blake pulled out his watch, started as if surprised at the lateness of the hour, then hurriedly dismissed the corporal and made toward the Fort.

Arriving back at the house, he found they had waited supper for him for more than a quarter of an hour.

"No apologies, I beg," said his kind little hostess, cutting short his excuses with a smile and wave of the hand; and the group moved, laughing and talking, into the dining-room, where the Company's various officers were already assembled.

They sat down, Blake on the right of his hostess with Marjorie opposite, while Armstrong and Alec took seats on either side of the Chief Factor at the other end of the table. The Company's officers took their accustomed places down each side. The clergyman said a short grace.

Extremely self-conscious, and in a clean print dress, with her hair neatly braided and gaily bedecked with a new piece of ribbon—the last doubtless in honor of the visitor—*Nekamoos* stole round the table in moccasined feet, handing the various dishes noiselessly.

"What men have you brought with you, Mr. Blake?" asked Mrs. MacDonald as they unfolded their napkins.

"Corporal Watson and Constable Wilkins," replied Blake. "They were with me last time, you know."

"Were they?" said his hostess, searching her memory. "It was so long ago that I am afraid I forget."

"Surely you remember Wilkins, mother," Marjorie told her. "You remarked on his youthful appearance and refined manner. He is a nice boy."

Her mother shook her head. "Still, I am afraid I do not recall him, my dear."

"Wilkins is no boy," announced Alec gruffly.

"Not in years, certainly; but in appearance and disposition, yes," said his sister with vexation. Then to Blake she added: "I am fond of Wilkins and am very glad that you brought him again."

"Very well, Watson; you will find out what

"Constable Wilkins is to be envied," said the

Inspector with a smile and a look of warm admiration, before which the girl's eyes dropped. Then with a glance toward Alec, as if he challenged him to contradict, he went on: "And in spite of his six feet of stature he assuredly is a boy—an impetuous, sentimental, overgrown boy, with a big warm heart. I sometimes think he has no business in the force."

Marjorie turned bright eyes toward him for coming to her assistance and rewarded him with a smile so brilliant that he blushed.

"Because he has a big, warm heart and is sentimental?" queried the clergyman in an amused voice.

Blake nodded.

"What," asked Mrs. MacDonald, with a mischievous smile, "doesn't sentiment of *any* sort have a place in the force?"

The addressed reddened.

"No, madam," he began, "in the force"—

"Then the Lord help the future Mrs. Blake," boomed the Factor, with a hearty laugh, in which all joined save the sulky boy Alec, who sat with a scowl on his face, crumbling his bread nervously.

"What I was going to say is this," said Blake when their merriment subsided. "Our view of life is never a sentimental one."

"I suppose you are going to bring in the dignity of the law and the majesty of the police and all that tommy-rot," interrupted Alec roughly and with no friendly mien.

There was a tense silence.

With mixed feelings all regarded the speaker. Hostility to the officer was written large upon his countenance.

The boy's words sounded like an insult flung at the police officer and for a moment it looked as if the later was going to treat them as an insult, for he looked sharply at the boy and there was a flash of sudden fire in his eye.

The staff looked extremely uncomfortable. Armstrong coughed. The Factor's eyes glistened, his face flushed with anger he could but with difficulty suppress. His wife became very nervous.

"Duncan!"

The name was breathed rather than spoken. But it was enough.

In a moment the red light went out of the Factor's eyes. A word and a glance from his wife had quelled his fury—such was the measure of his love.

"But surely," declared the clergyman quickly, as if to cover Alec's error in courtesy, "no correct view of life can altogether ignore sentiment."

"You gentlemen of the police," the surly one persisted, "consider every man a rascal"—

"Who has not proved himself to be an honest man," concluded Blake good-naturedly, for he had now regained control over himself. "That is quite true. When one comes constantly in contact with the refuse of society—sees nothing but depravity—the most generous mind must at least become suspicious."

Apprehensive that the conversation was

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A well selected stock will be found in all The HUDSON'S BAY DEPOTS

driving them into an argument whose outcome might prove highly displeasing, Mrs. MacDonald changed the subject.

Blake had the gift of conversation and a table where he sat was always a table enlivened. Without being unduly conceited he knew his powers and in the present instance let himself go, so to speak. The party listened eagerly to this multifariously informed young man, who had seen a good deal of the world.

When at last they rose from the table, the Chief Factor excused himself and followed his officers out to give some orders. The others went back to the sitting-room, where someone suggested cards.

At which Alec swore under his breath. He appeared restless and ill at ease. He was plainly anxious to get away.

"Who wants cards!" he growled.

Poor Mrs. MacDonald was vexed almost to tears by her son's manner, which had gone from from bad to worse.

"Well, then, mother dear," said Marjorie, perceiving that all were ill at ease and anxious to conceal this, "let us have some music."

"By all means, dear. Please sing something." The parent's eyes met her graceless son's sulky look with one of appeal. "Do you like music?" she asked, turning to the inspector.

"Very much," replied the officer, going over to Marjorie, who had at once taken her position at the piano. "It is one of the pleasures I am deprived of almost the whole year, therefore I enjoy it the more when opportunity offers."

"And, of course, you play?" said Marjorie, swinging round on the piano-stool to look at him.

Blake nodded. "I was going to offer to play your accompaniment—but you may prefer accompanying yourself."

For answer Marjorie jumped up quickly.

"Please play for me," she said with a smile that sent the young man's heart throbbing.

Without affectation of any sort Blake at once took his seat at the instrument and for a few minutes ran his fingers idly up and down the key board, striking impromptu chords. The first few notes proclaimed him a good pianist and Mrs. MacDonald and the clergyman settled themselves in their chairs with happy smiles of pleasurable expectation. Presently Blake paused for a moment, then struck the opening chords of the score which Marjorie had placed in front of him.

Suddenly the young girl's voice thrilled through the room in one of her mother's favorite songs. When it came to the chorus the man's voice joined the girl's. He had a well modulated baritone which blended perfectly with her contralto.

It was a beautiful song, finely rendered and exquisitely accompanied. Both were real musicians, there could be no two opinions about that, and there followed not one or two but a dozen songs.

Now and then, as the young people bent side by eyes were sparkling, her face was flushed with pleasure and excitement. Blake thought he had never seen her so beautiful and under his perfect composure there was a longing to take her into his arms and cover her dear face with kisses. Truly love is pretty rapid in its comings!

To the clergyman, who was himself a musician of no mean order, the evening was a perfect orgy. But all chance of enjoyment was spoilt for Mrs. MacDonald early in the evening. Alec, after listening to the first song with a restless demeanor and lowering expression, pleaded a violent headache and rose to leave.

In a moment all his mother's fears were alarmed. "Oh, Alec," she cried, "how pale you are. You must be very ill."

"Don't be uneasy on my account," replied the lad. "I'll take a couple of quinine tablets and tumble into bed, and tomorrow I'll be as fresh as ever."

Acting on this, he kissed his parent, cast a surly "good night" over his shoulder to the rest, and went away.

Just then there happened to be an interval in the music. His mother heard Alec's door locked in a certain deliberate and noisy manner as if to signify that Alec was not to be disturbed.

"Do you think it is anything serious?" she asked Mr. Armstrong.

"No, I do not," said he promptly, calming her apprehensions. "He has, as he said, a violent headache and did the right thing in going to bed. He will be all right in the morning. There is not the least cause for alarm, I assure you."

"I do not know," said poor Mrs. MacDonald, doubting, yet comforted. "There has been such a weight on my breast all day. I did not like to make Duncan uneasy, and therefore said nothing about it, but the forebodings of some great misfortune hang upon me."

So the rest of the entertainment was to her little short of torture. She dreaded lest the noise should disturb the slumbers of her son and would have stopped it at once but for the apparent pleasure the others were receiving.

Before retiring for the night the fond mother listened at her son's door, holding her breath while seeking to hear the breathing of her son, whom she idolised beyond all on earth, save her husband; then, with fluttering haste she went to her bedside and sank upon her knees, praying that Alec might be all that was good and true.

Yet the devoted mother was mocked. Alec was not in his room. After retiring, he allowed some time to elapse during which Mrs. MacDonald might suppose him undressing and he permitted some quarter of an hour more to elapse, after which he knew his mother would not disturb the sleep she would suppose had come. Then Alec rose and, first removing the storm-sash, left his room by the window, which opened on the roof of a lean-to, whence he dropped noiselessly to the ground and strode off, the whole being done so swiftly and with such confidence that it leads us to believe that it was not the first time that the young man had left

side over the music, or in handling the sheets, the girl's soft hair would brush the young man's face and her fingers touch his and send delightful little thrills all through him, making him as happy as it was possible for a self-confessed unsentimental police officer to be.

As for the girl, she loved music and was enjoying herself immensely. Her wonderful

his father's roof in this manner.

CHAPTER V

"Stacked Cards"

IN the brave old days, travelling the hundreds of miles of inhospitable northern wilds which stretched between Le Pas and Hudson Bay, without the active co-operation of the Hud-

son's Bay Company, had been a task impossible to achieve, but at the time of our story, as has been intimated elsewhere, this could be managed quite easily alone; Shanks' pony being all that was required. For all the right of way had been cut and along this at every twentieth mile or so were contractors' and government engineers' camps, where strangers were always made welcome. "The more the merrier" is ever the motto of those who live in lonely places. And so travellers passed on from one camp to the next, making the journey piecemeal.

And soon appeared at Port Nelson, which is in the neighbourhood of York Factory, as almost everybody knows, a breed of restless men, ready and eager for adventure, to whom obstacles were but a part of the game—the prospector and the white trapper.

Also arrived—Bill Miner—a short, slight, middle-aged man, with grey, shifty eyes, red hair, and a perpetual smile.

Bill was a man of whom very little was known. There was not wanting plenty of curiosity we may be sure. Always there are inquisitive persons in every community, and York lacked nothing in this respect. Some of these tried questioning the stranger but with barren results. He just appeared, and deciding that the country would suit his purpose, whatever that might be, straightway built himself a little cabin just outside the Hudson's Bay Company's limits. His only tool was an axe. The sides of the building were of small logs chinked with moss and the roof and floor were of poles, the first being covered with strips of turf. Having no stove, he was forced to depend on a fireplace built of sticks laid in clay. To this Miner added a bunk, a stool or two and surveyed the total with satisfaction. Of course the news of such an unprecedented event had been instantly communicated to the Chief Factor, who received it with a mysterious smile, which may not have betokened any access of good fortune to the audacious settler, though he little thought that the fellow would bring sorrow upon them all.

In due time Miner appeared at the Company's store and producing a roll of bills, started to peel off a goodly number in anticipation of making some purchases. But, ye gods and little fishes! his money was promptly refused! He was very firmly told that "the goods in the Company's store were solely for 'Indian trade'."

That such an unheard of thing as the refusal of perfectly good bills of solvent banks chartered under the laws of Canada should not have aroused in the unfortunate settler a great and wrathful astonishment and brought forth expressions of righteous indignation, passes all belief. But so it was. Rather he seemed immensely amused; save for a certain hard glint in his eye, he was the personification of good humour. He received the affront, for such it must be called, with perfect equanimity and a smile, which leads us to believe that the outcome was not altogether beyond his expectations. Bidding the clerk a civil good-day, he left the

you out," the young man told him. After that there was no room for doubt on the point. It admitted of no misconception. "Well," Bill responded, "I guess he's got a contract on his hands. It'll be a pretty barren country where Bill Miner can't rustle a living"—and to do him justice, so it would.

* * * * * *

A few hours after leaving his home in the peculiar manner described, Alec MacDonald rose to his feet in Bill Miner's cabin.

"I'm broke," he announced, with a wry grimace and a shaky laugh, pushing back his chair. "And I guess I'll be going, unless"—he paused, turned and looked upon his host,

"Sure!" drawled that worthy, answering the unspoken question which he read in the boy's look, and separating two stacks of poker chips from a neat row at his elbow, he pushed them toward him. "There's another twenty bucks," he added, and feeling in his vest pocket, he produced a folded piece of paper which he first smoothed out, then placed on the table before Alec; accompanying it with a stub-end of lead pencil. "Better alter the figures and save stationery."

Thus prompted, the addressed, who had already reseated himself, neatly turned the figure two into a four, and, after initialling the change, returned the paper and pencil from whence they came.

There were three around the table besides Miner and Alec MacDonald. One was a half-breed from Le Pas and then attached to an engineering staff in the neighbourhood. Another was an ex-member of the R. N. W. M. Police force and likewise of the engineering staff. The third was the engineer himself, who sat at the table with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and an air of great happiness. Four candles stuck in the necks of as many bottles, assisted by a huge fire in the open fireplace, succeeded in illuminating the room tolerably well. Before each man lay a supply of chips. With faces set in poker masks they gathered up and looked they hands over.

It goes without saying that you, my reader, are not altogether ignorant of the game of poker, therefore I shall not recount all that took place at this "session," nor should I have introduced the chapter at all but for the exigency of the plot.

They were playing poker, twenty-five cent limit, and drinking what purported to be whiskey, and had been doing so for hours. After a while our young friend Alec held one small pair in a jack-pot opened by Miner, and—contrary to the wise counsels of the celebrated Mr. Hoyle—stayed, drew three cards and filled. He won a fair sized pot for the first time that evening.

At that, the engineer, who was evidently of a particularly amiable disposition, filled to the brim a glass of neat whiskey which he extended to the lucky young gamester.

"Drink, boy," he invited.

But the boy hesitated; the good that remained in him impelled him to refuse the liquor, but the

premises; his face impassive, but deep down in his pockets his hands, big powerful hands by the way, clenched tight shut. For, of course, he understood the Chief Factor's intentions. Any doubts he may have had, however, were dispersed on meeting Alec MacDonald, who had early struck up something of a friendship with the newcomer. "The old man's going to starve

consequence of previous libations had generated a desire. He mastered himself, however, and shook his head and said:

"No, thank you; no more for me." His face was already very flushed and his eyes brighter than usual.

"Come," persisted the other, "you need a bracer. This will set you right."

"That is true," returned Alec, laughing. "It shall be the last," he told himself, and taking the glass with hesitation, he fingered it a moment, then: "Well, here's 'how,' boys!" he cried and emptied it at one draught.

"Hang the wash!" said the breed, who had helped himself to the liquor unasked, "It cuts one's throat."

"And with that he has emptied the bottle," cried the ex-policeman. "Come, Bill, let's have another bottle of the same stuff. I'll pay for it." He threw four five-dollar bills upon the table.

"We'll never be as young as we are to-day," chortled his chief, whose head was beginning to suffer from his libations.

"Well, it must be the last," expostulated Miner, pocketing the bills (there was no change). With that he produced a bottle and placing it on the table added with emphasis: "And those that don't like the 'wash' can leave it alone," and as he spoke he stared at the breed menacingly, and there was a challenge in his grey, unpleasant eyes. "And for God's sake," he exhorted, turning to the hilarious one, "remember the police are here; and don't make such a row. It isn't absolutely necessary that the whole neighbourhood should know you are keeping your birthday!"

"Now don't be angry," said the engineer, laughing. "We mean no harm, nor do we wish to insult your liquor. It costs so much it must be good." With this he took out of his pocket a knife with a corkscrew attachment and seizing the bottle, "Piff!" the cork came out with a loud noise.

A short while they were all again deep in the game. After each hand there was a tumult of voices with a storm of protests for silence from Miner. Alec gained steadily. More particularly was he fortunate when the ex-policeman dealt the cards. The pile of chips in front of our young friend grew bigger and bigger. Already he had before him sufficient to redeem every one of his I O U's, and to spare. And his luck continued. He grew immensely exited; the strong liquor he had imbibed was sending darts of fire from his stomach to his brain.

"Jack-pot!" cried the ex-policeman presently, pushing the "buck" and a red chip into the centre of the table. "Everybody comes in."

Thereupon each of the others added a red chip to the kitty.

"Wait!" Miner paused and deliberately adjusted a guttering candle. "Take a new 'deck' and change the luck," he suggested. Then gathering up the cards they were using he laid them on top of a pack which lay at his elbow, and gripping both with his powerful and heavily muscled hands, and with no apparent effort, he tore them in twain and cast the pieces into the fire. It was a trick of which he was rather proud.

As if Miner's words were a pre-arranged signal, the ex-policeman looked swiftly across at him, and had not Alec MacDonald's attention been occupied with the engineer, he could scarce have failed to notice the significant glance which passed between them.

"Yes, let's have a fresh deck," growled the half-breed, with a blasphemous oath. He had lost over half his money in the game and was working himself into a very disagreeable mood.

(To be continued)

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